

# Shadow

JULY 1941

## COMICS

10¢



**"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"**

THE SHADOW SHOWS IN PICTURES  
HOW HE BECOMES INVISIBLE!

**DEAD END KIDS**

BUST A DIAMOND-  
SMUGGLING RING!



IRON HEARDY — GANNY GARRETT — THE WOODEN MAST — AND BERTS FROM POLAR

# THE CHICK MAG



THE CHICK MAG IS A NEW  
MAGAZINE FOR THE  
FUTURE OF THE FUTURE

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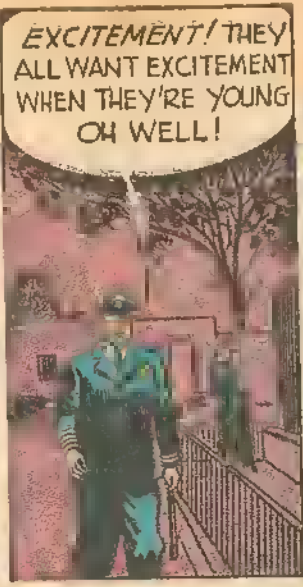
*The*  
**LEOPARD  
STRIKES!**





SAY! DO THOSE ANIMALS ALWAYS HOWL LIKE THAT?

OH-YOU'LL GET USED TO 'EM AFTER AWHILE, MAC. THAT'S ABOUT AS NEAR TO EXCITEMENT AS YOU'LL FIND AROUND HERE!



EXCITEMENT! THEY ALL WANT EXCITEMENT WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG OH WELL!



OFFICER KELLY HEARS A HOARSE SCREAM!

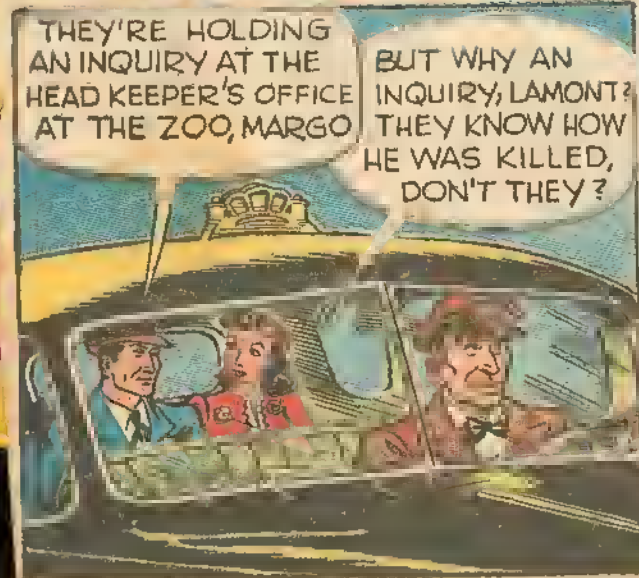
MAC! MAC! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



MAC BOY! YOUR-YOUR THROAT! RIPPED AND TORN! MAC! SPEAK SON! SPEAK!

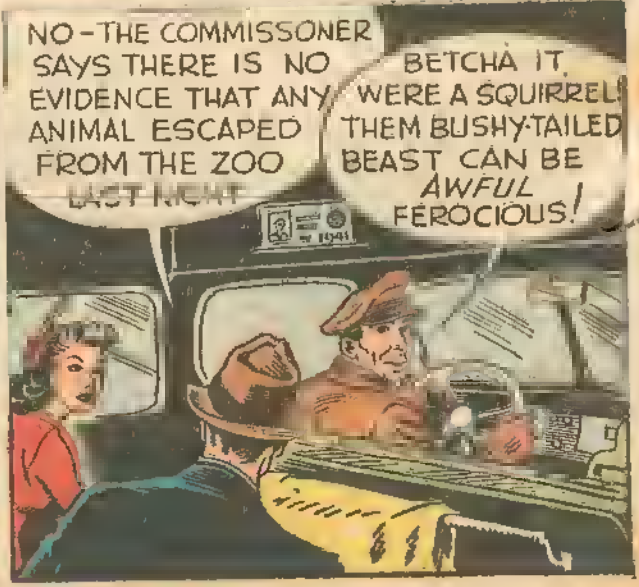


HE'S DEAD! KILLED BY SOME WILD BEAST- OR I MISS MY GUESS!



THEY'RE HOLDING AN INQUIRY AT THE HEAD KEEPER'S OFFICE AT THE ZOO, MARGO

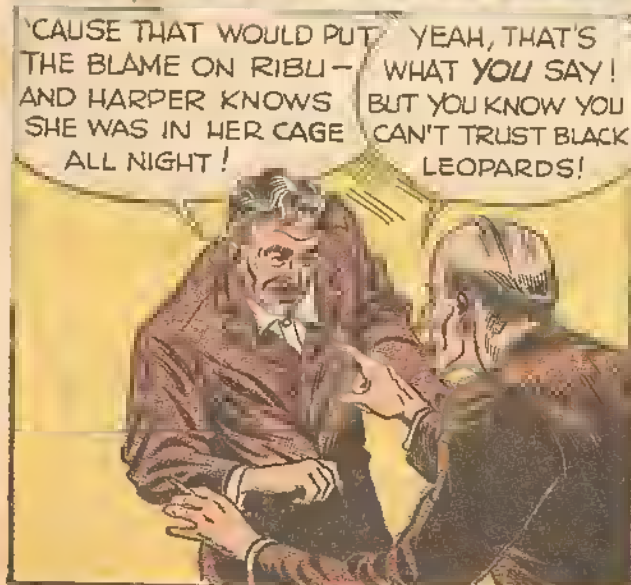
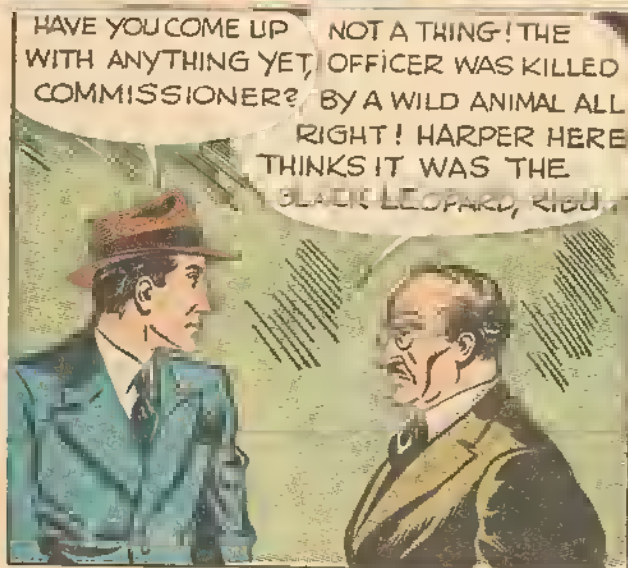
BUT WHY AN INQUIRY, LAMONT? THEY KNOW HOW HE WAS KILLED, DON'T THEY?

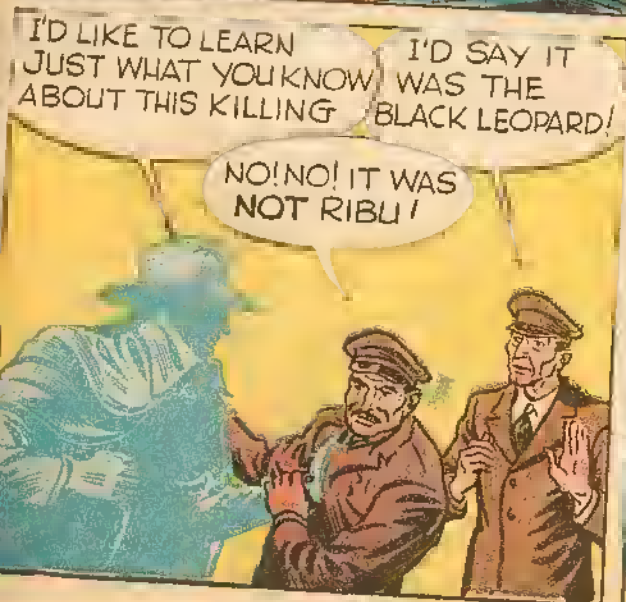
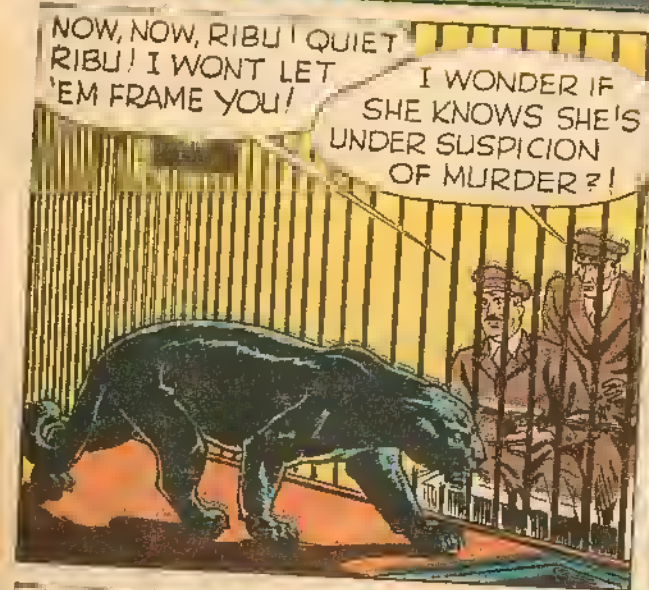
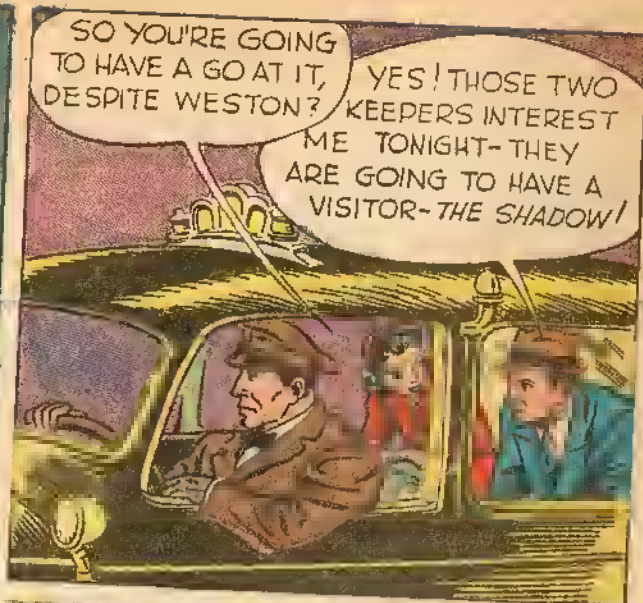


NO-THE COMMISSONER SAYS THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT ANY ANIMAL ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO LAST NIGHT

BETCHA IT WERE A SQUIRREL! THEM BUSHY-TAILED BEAST CAN BE AWFUL FEROCIOUS!









I DON'T BELIEVE EITHER  
ONE OF YOU! I WARN  
YOU - IF THE LEOPARD  
STRIKES AGAIN ----  
YOU'LL ANSWER TO --  
THE SHADOW!



BUT THAT NIGHT  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
KILLER STRIKES  
AGAIN, KILLING  
TWO MORE  
PEOPLE IN  
THE PARK --  
AND LEAVES  
NO CLUES



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER  
WELL, HAWKSHAW - WE'VE  
BEEN WALKING THROUGH  
THE PARK THREE NIGHTS  
NOW ---

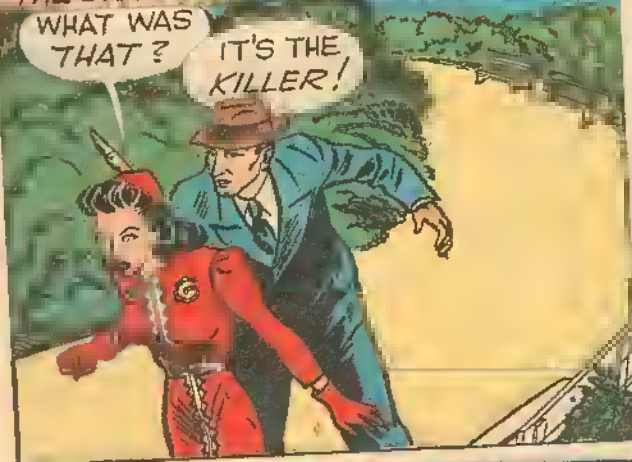
I'M SORRY, MARGO  
BUT I'D LIKE TO BE NEAR  
SHOULD THAT LEOPARD  
STRIKE AGAIN



AND THEN - BLASTING THE EERIE SILENCE  
OF THE PARK - COMES A SCREAM IN  
THE DARKNESS - AND A LEOPARD GROWLS

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

IT'S THE  
KILLER!



THE LEOPARD  
AGAIN!

OH, LAMONT!  
LOOK AT THAT  
BODY!

YES -  
A POOR PARK  
DERELICT!



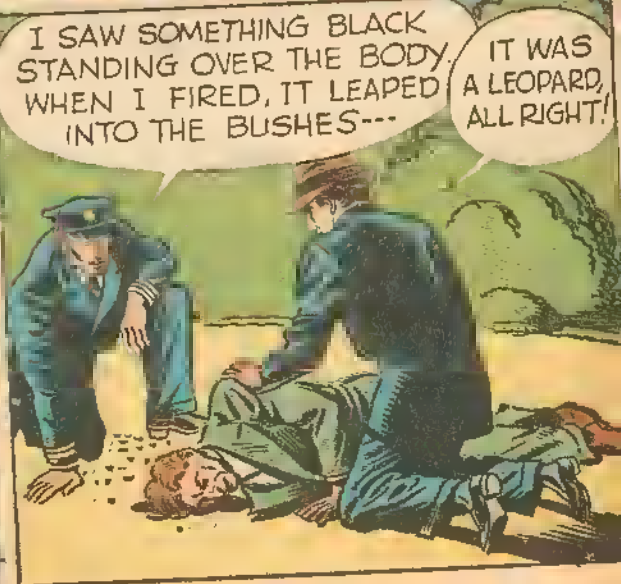
DID YOU SEE  
THE LEOPARD?

YES, YES. I TOOK  
A SHOT AT IT!

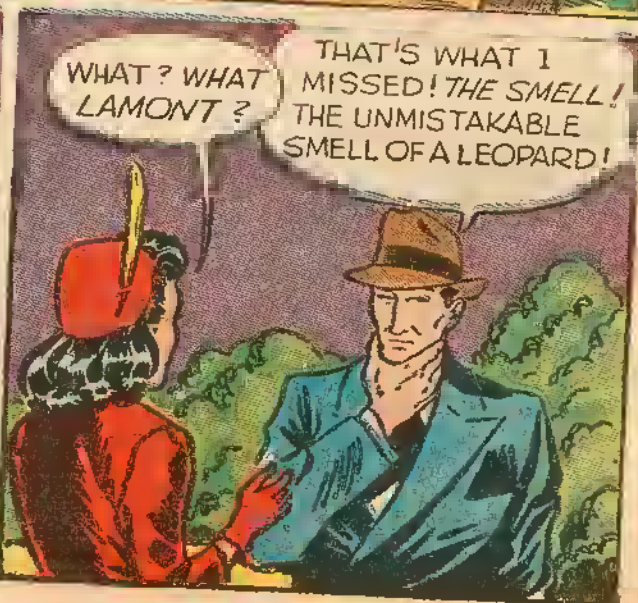
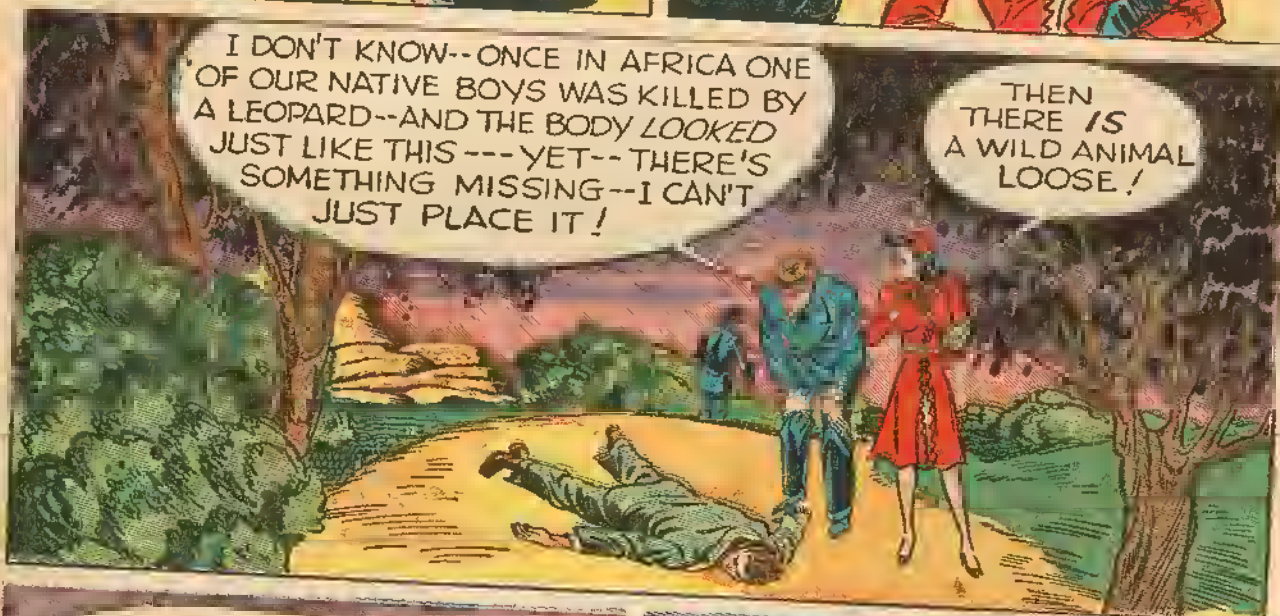
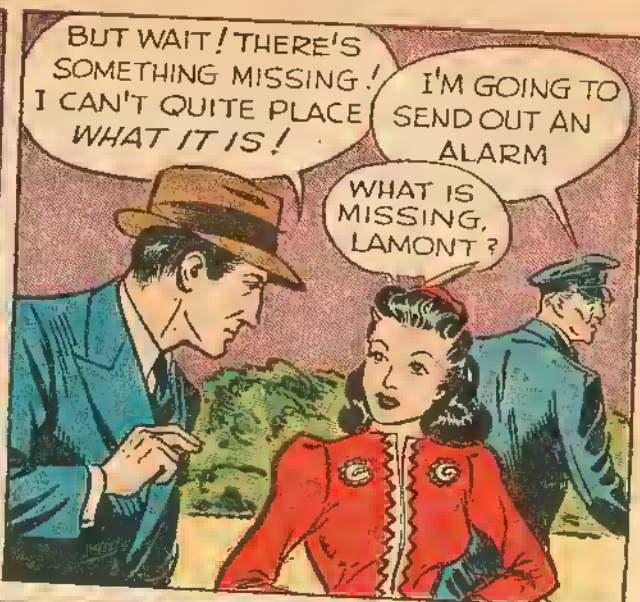


I SAW SOMETHING BLACK  
STANDING OVER THE BODY  
WHEN I FIRED, IT LEAPED  
INTO THE BUSHES ---

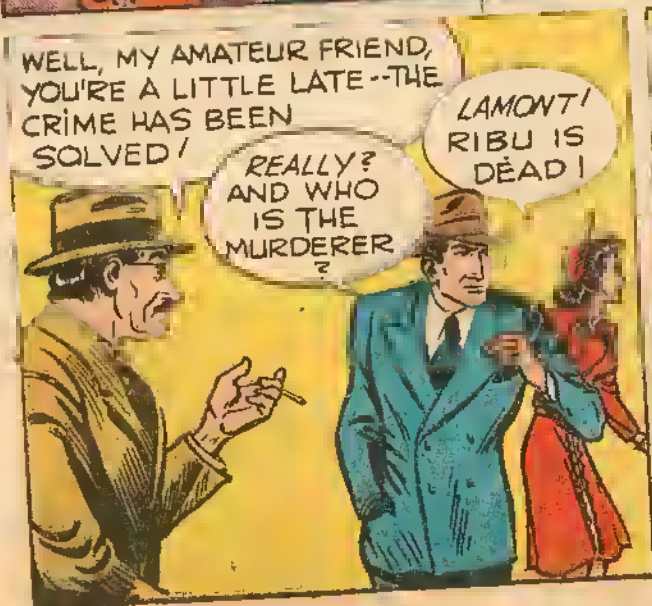
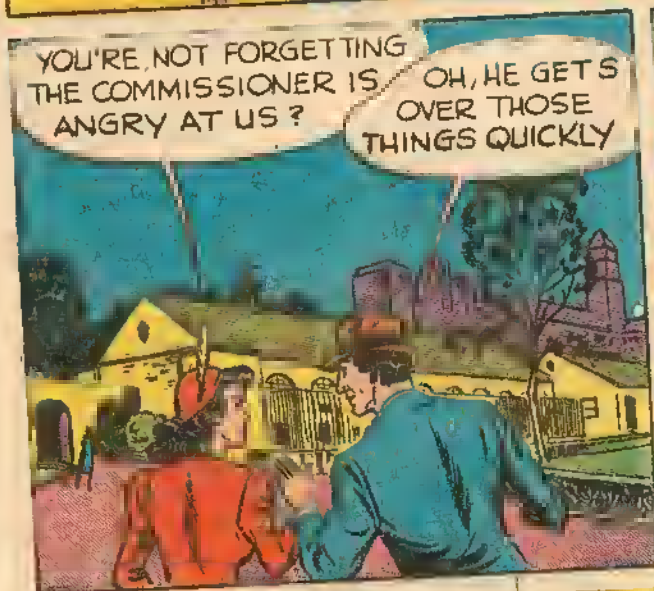
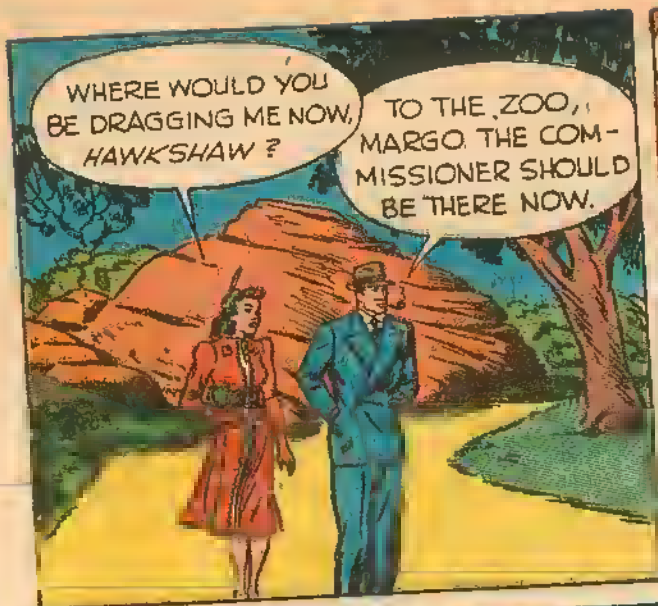
IT WAS  
A LEOPARD,  
ALL RIGHT!



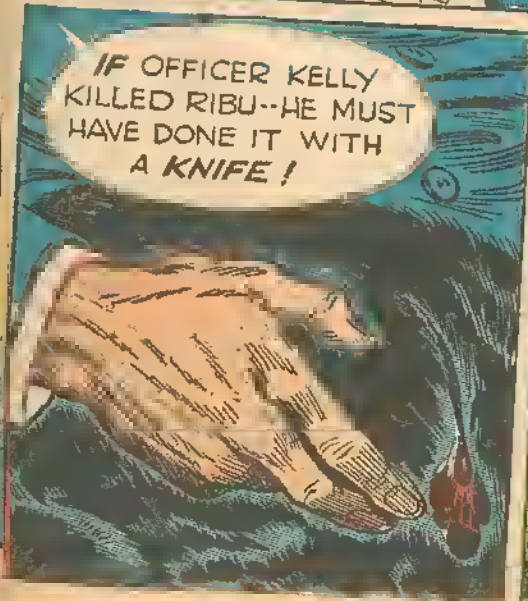




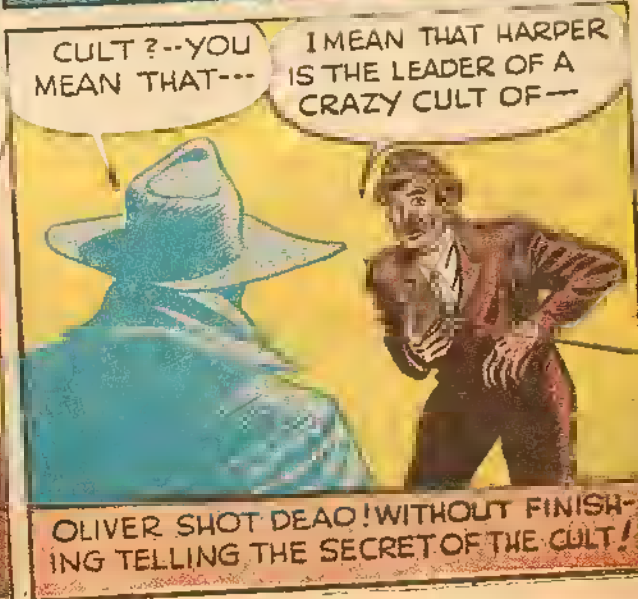




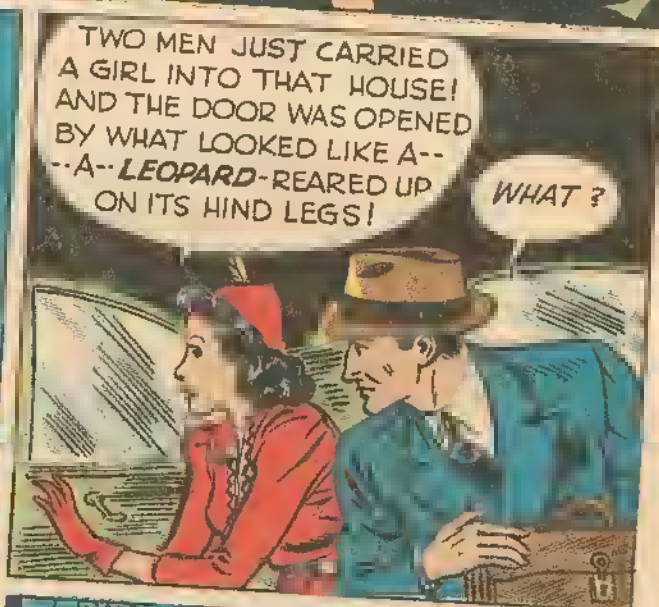




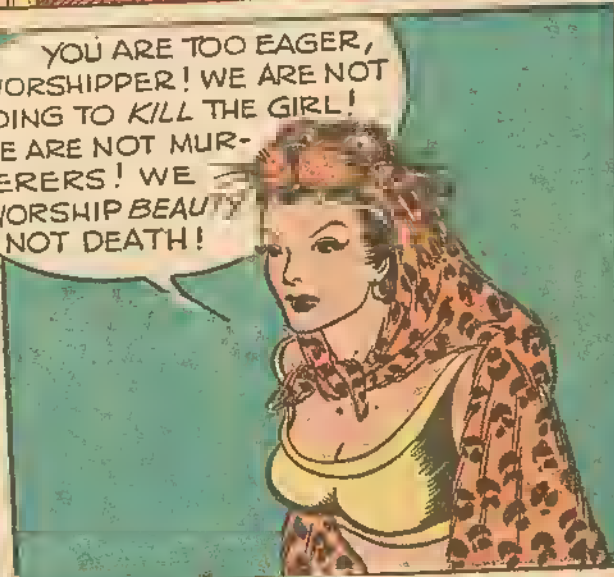
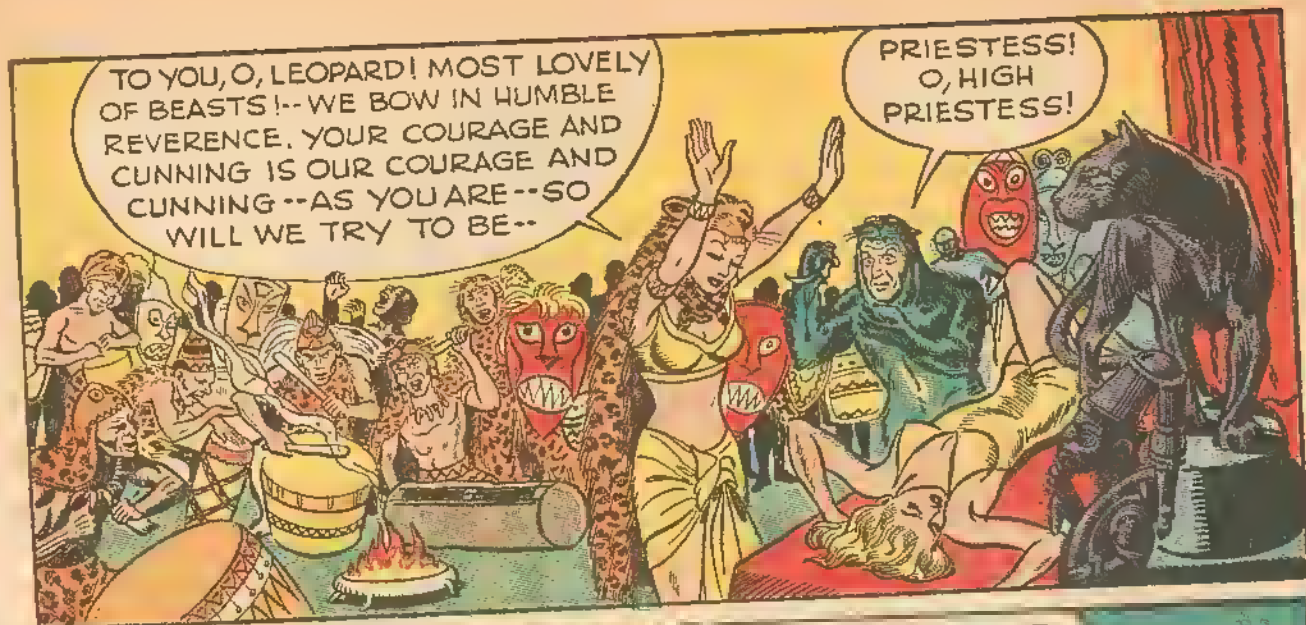




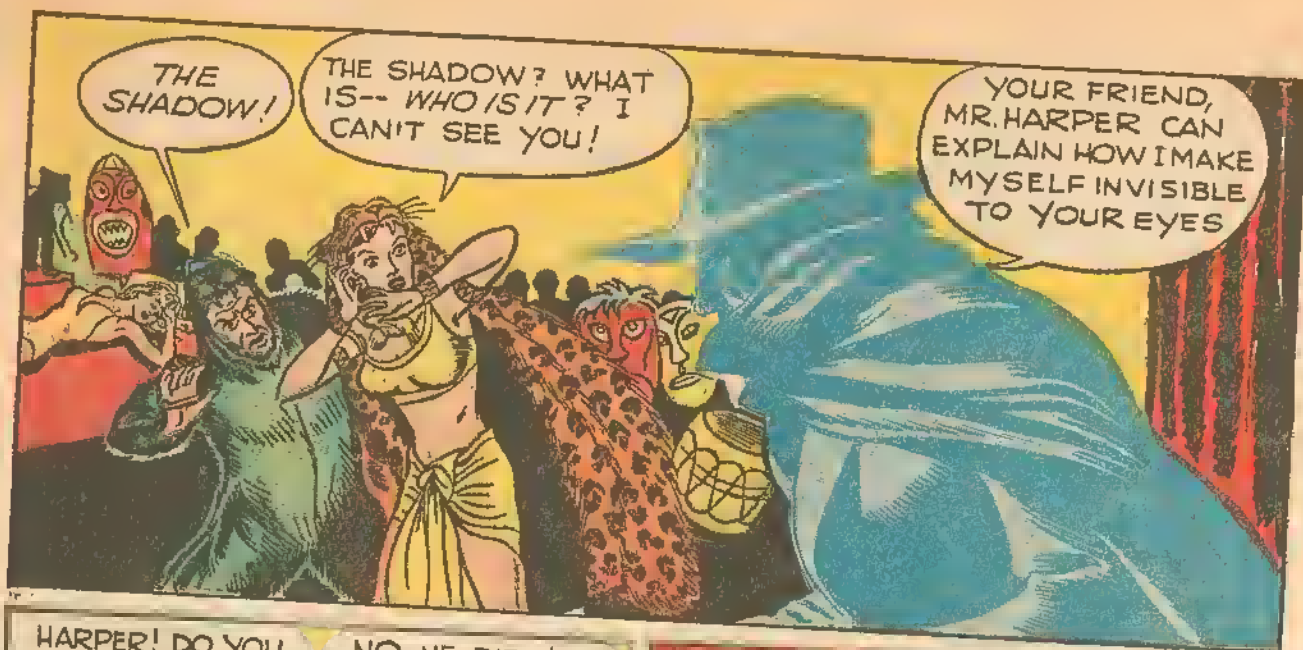












THE SHADOW!

THE SHADOW? WHAT IS-- WHO IS IT? I CAN'T SEE YOU!

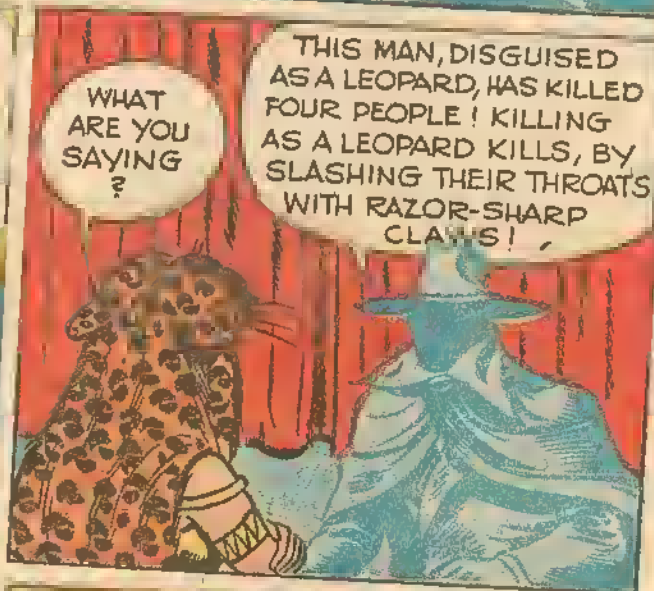
YOUR FRIEND, MR. HARPER CAN EXPLAIN HOW I MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE TO YOUR EYES



HARPER! DO YOU KNOW THIS VOICE? DID YOU BRING HIM HERE?

NO!  
NO!

NO, HE DIDN'T BRING ME HERE. I CAME, SEEKING HIM. HE WAS SHOT BY A POLICEMAN, IN THE ACT OF COMMITTING MURDER!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

THIS MAN, DISGUISED AS A LEOPARD, HAS KILLED FOUR PEOPLE! KILLING AS A LEOPARD KILLS, BY SLASHING THEIR THROATS WITH RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS!



IS THIS TRUE, HARPER?

NO! OF COURSE NOT! HE'S LYING!

I SUPPOSE YOU DENY THAT YOU SHOT OLIVER--BEFORE HE COULD EXPOSE YOU!

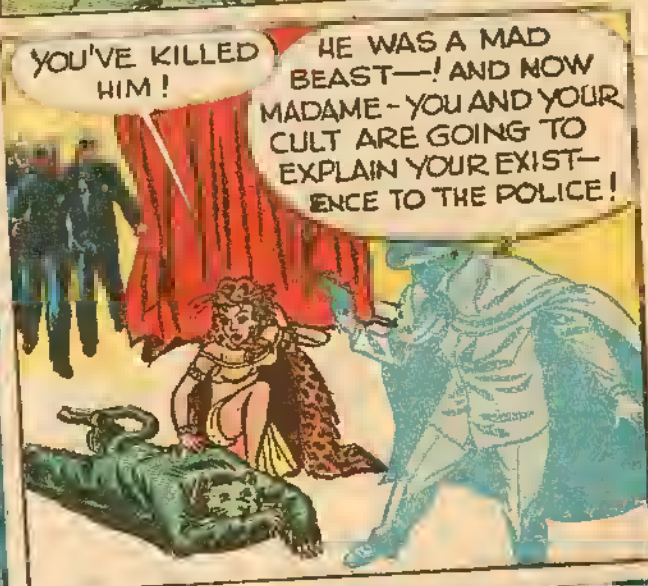


OF COURSE I DENY IT!

THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THAT WOUND IN YOUR ARM?

YES, HARPER! EXPLAIN THAT!

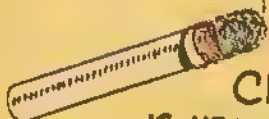






# WHO'DA THOUGHT IT!

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS—  
WRITE QUICKLY—TWELVE THOUSAND, TWELVE  
HUNDRED AND TWELVE—IN FIGURES!



A  
**CIGARETTE—**  
IS HEAVIER AFTER  
IT HAS BURNED—  
*The Ashes Absorb Moisture from the AIR!*

## MINISTERS

OF PURITAN DAYS—  
PREACHED AS LONG AS IT  
TOOK SAND TO RUN THROUGH  
THEIR  
+OUR  
GLASSES!

SOMETIMES  
2 HOURS!



## OPTICAL ILLUSION—

THESE  
FIGURES  
ARE THE  
SAME  
SIZE!



MOST BEAUTIFUL  
WORDS  
IN THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE—  
MELODY  
DAWN  
HUSH  
LULLABY  
MURMURING  
TRANQUIL  
MIST  
LUMINOUS  
CHIMES  
GOLDEN



BABY PELICANS—  
ARE HATCHED  
WITHOUT A TRACE OF  
FEATHERS OR DOWN!

## FOR THE BOOK—



THERE ARE OVER 2000  
OFFENSES A MOTORIST CAN COMMIT!

BIRDS—  
SLEEP  
WITH THEIR  
HEADS TOWARD  
THE LEFT!



KING  
**GEORGE I**  
OF ENGLAND—  
COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!



750,000,000  
MENHADEN (Fatback) FISH  
ARE CAUGHT IN A  
SINGLE SEASON!

(A SMALL, OILY FISH, CAUGHT  
OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST,  
AND USED MAINLY FOR SOAP.)

**BAM**



THERE ARE 18,000,000 THUNDER-  
STORMS A YEAR IN THE WORLD!



# THE DEAD END KIDS

LIFE THOMAS

DID YOU GUYS READ  
INNA PAPAHS 'BOUT  
THAT SMUGGLING  
GANG COMIN'  
TUH NOO YAWK?

AN' BOY!  
IS THAT ONE  
LOUSY  
RACKET!!

YEW SAID IT!

LOOKA WHAT'S COMIN'!  
-ANGEL INNA  
MONKEY SUIT!!

?

H'YA  
FELLAHS -  
GUESS  
WHAT?

A JOB!  
Y'SAY YA  
GOT A JOB!

YEH -?  
WHEAH?

D' SUPER X DELIVERY  
SERVICE! -AN' WHAT'S  
MORE, I GOT JOBS  
FAH YOU GUYS TOO!

NO  
KIDDIN'.

WOW!  
A JOB!





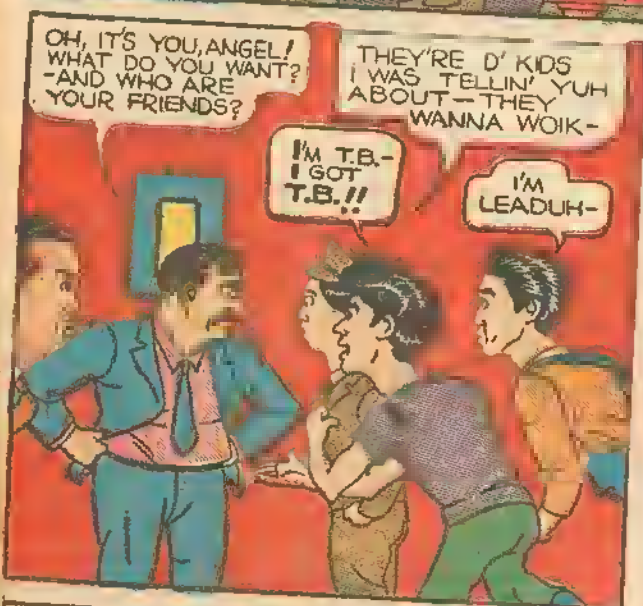
WE'RE GETTING THE STUFF IN FASTER THAN WE'RE GETTING RID OF IT - WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO PUSH IT, LOU?

WE'RE JUST GETTING WELL ORGANIZED, MORGAN - IT TAKES TIME!



WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED GRAND TIED UP IN THIS STUFF SO YOU BETTER GET ORGANIZED QUICK!

HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR -



OH, IT'S YOU, ANGEL! WHAT DO YOU WANT? - AND WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

THEY'RE D' KIDS I WAS TELLIN' YUH ABOUT - THEY WANNA WOIK -

I'M T.B. - I GOT T.B.!!

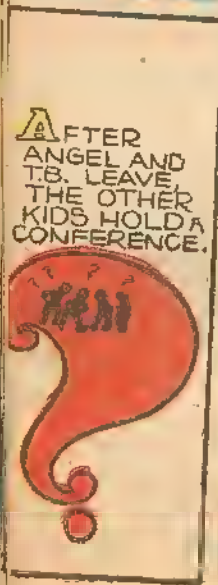
I'M LEADUH -



AGREEING TO PUT THE BOYS TO WORK; MORGAN GIVES ANGEL A PACKAGE TO DELIVER.



MISTER MORGAN SAID FAH YOU GUYS TUH WAIT INNA OUTER OFFICE... T.B. - YOU COME WID ME



AFTER ANGEL AND T.B. LEAVE THE OTHER KIDS HOLD A CONFERENCE.



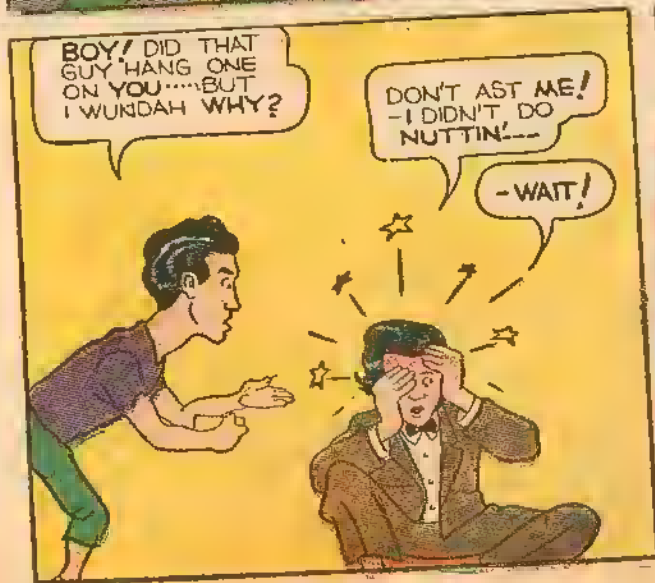
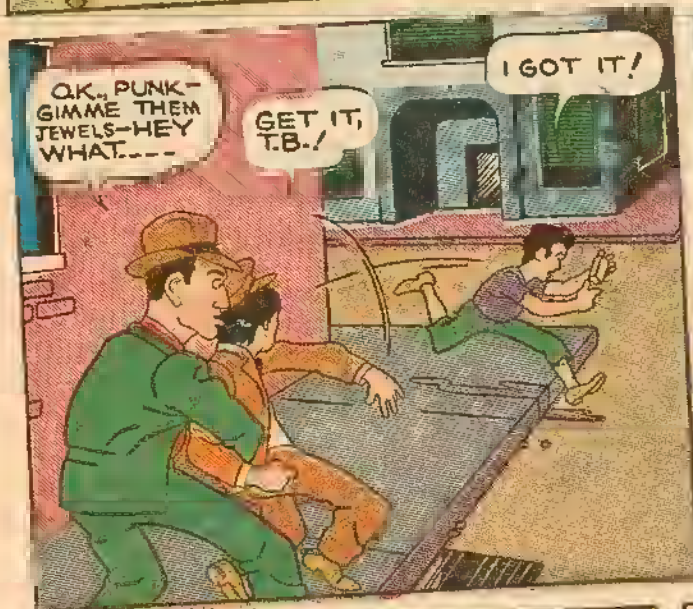
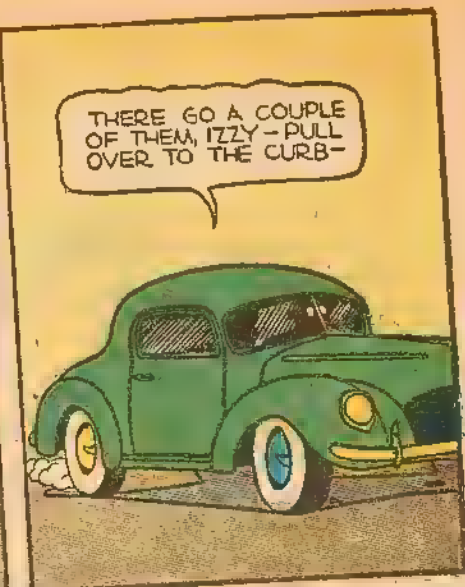
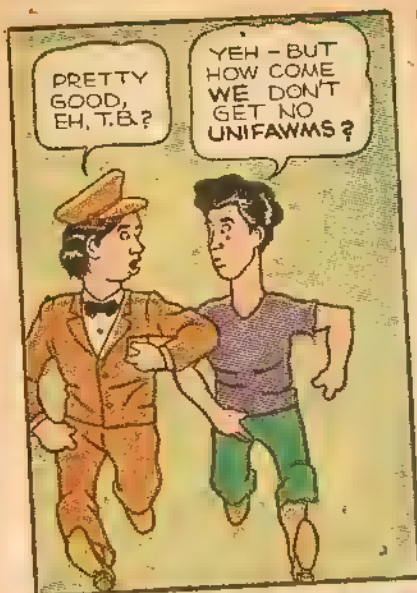
DIS COITINLY IS A FUNNY KIND OF DELIVERY SOVICE! DEY SEND TWO GUYS TUH DELIVER ONE PACKAGE D' SIZE OF A MATCHBOX.!!

YEH - AN' DID YUH EVAH SEE SUCH A TOUGH LOOKIN' GANG A THUGS?

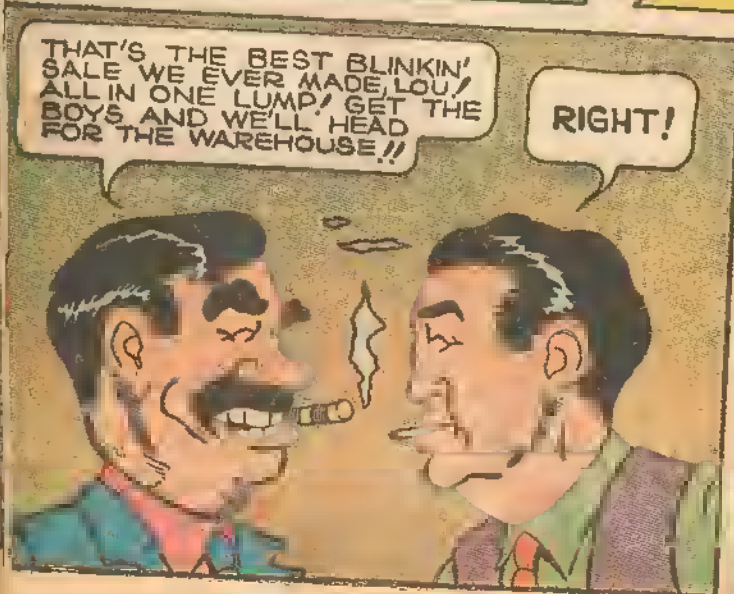
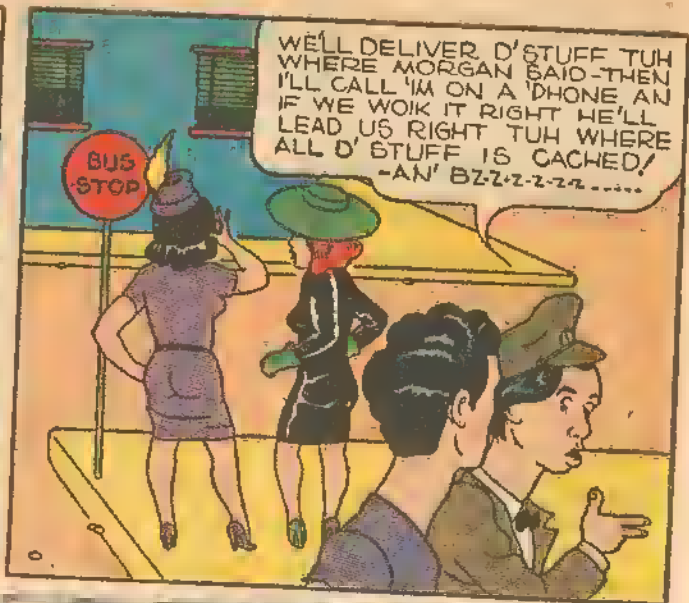
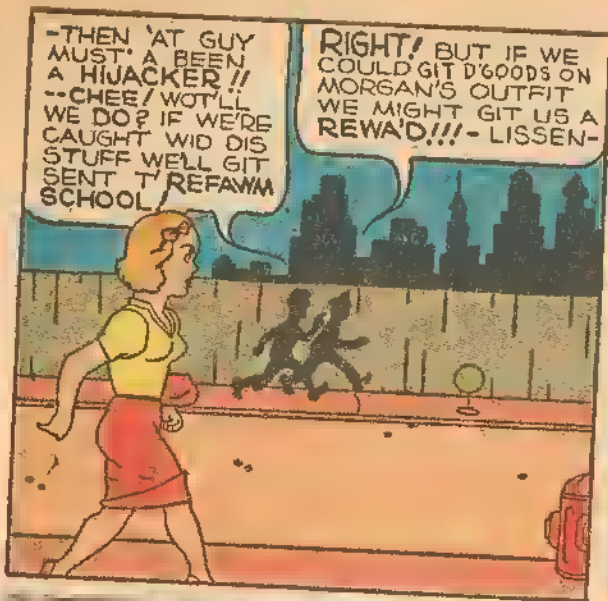
I DON'T GET IT!

O.K. YOU - TH' BOSS'LL SEE YOU NOW!

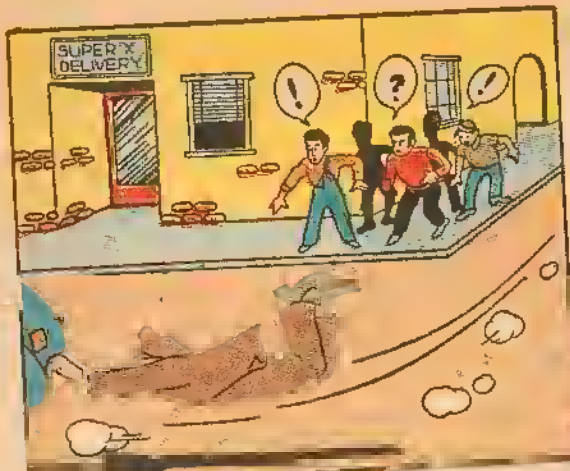












BEFORE THE KIDS' AMAZED FACES  
ANGEL MAKES A DESPERATE DIVE  
FOR THE REAR BUMPER OF REX  
MORGAN'S DEPARTING CAR . . .



YEH! THOSE GUYS ARE JUS'  
A GANG A CHEAP CROOKS RUN-  
NIN' A SMUGGLING RACKET!!



-SO NOW WE  
GOTTA WAIT FAW  
ANGEL TUH  
'PHONE AN'-HEY!

MEANWHILE:

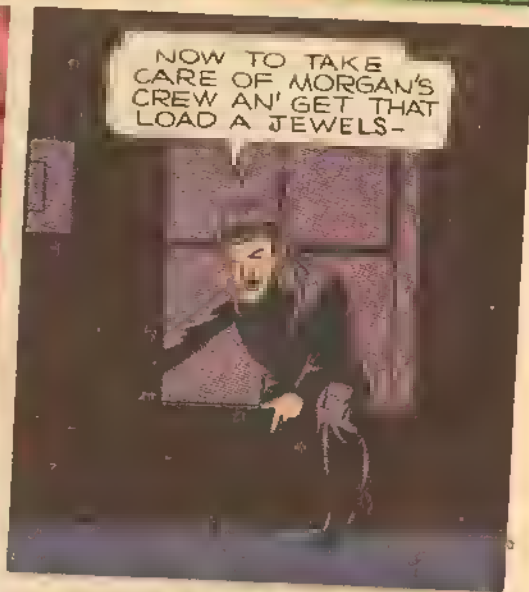
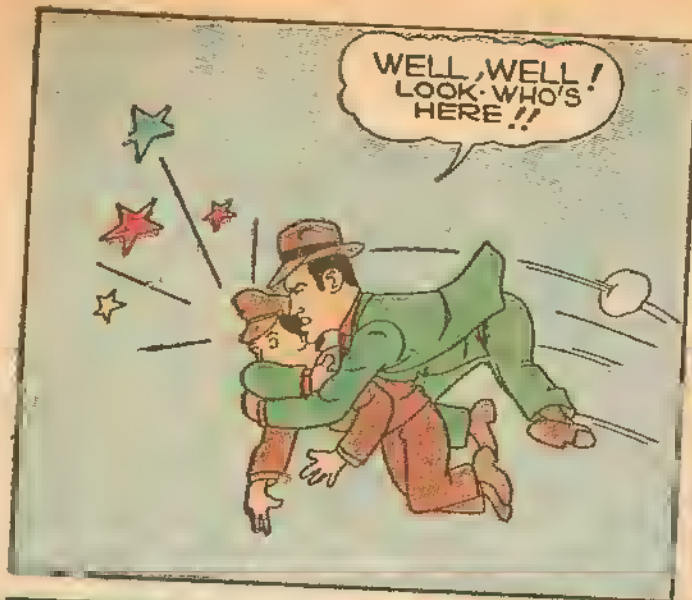


-HELLO! DIS  
IS SPIT! WHEAH  
ARE YAH? - O.K. -  
WE'LL SEE YAH  
IN TWENNY MINUTES!



NOW TUH  
FIND A OPEN  
WINDAH--

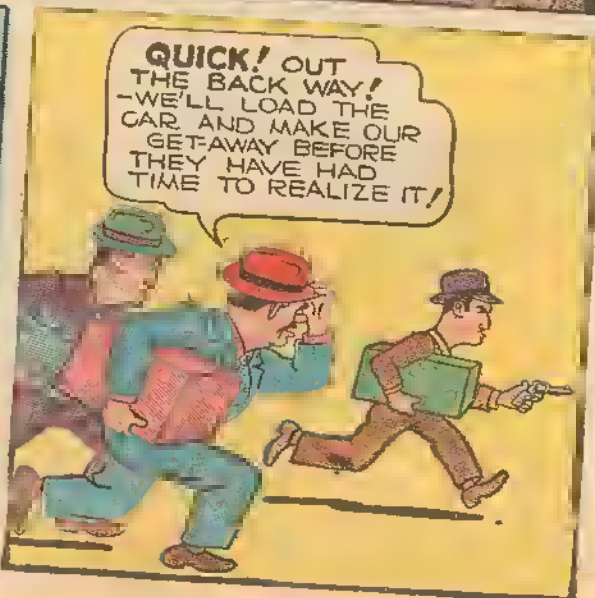
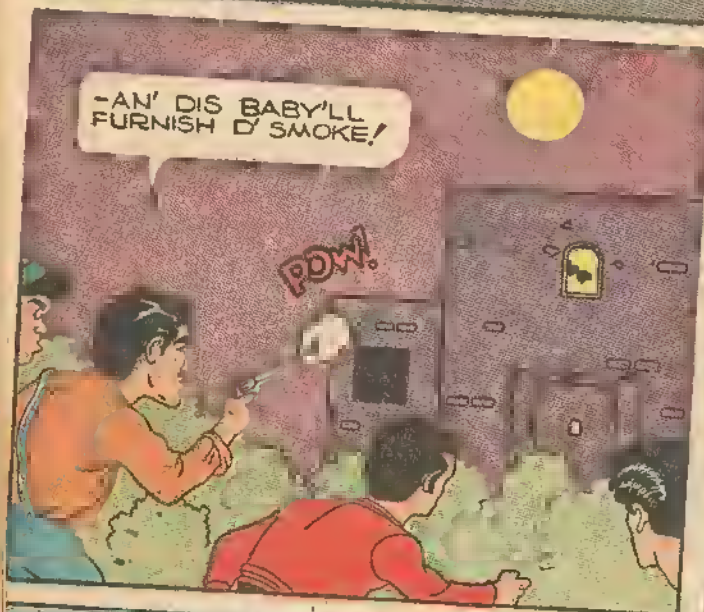
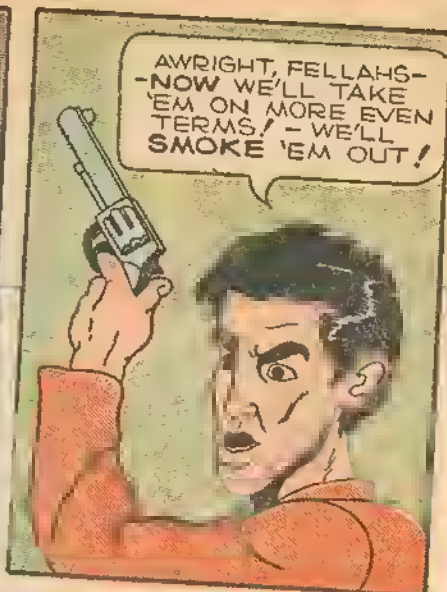
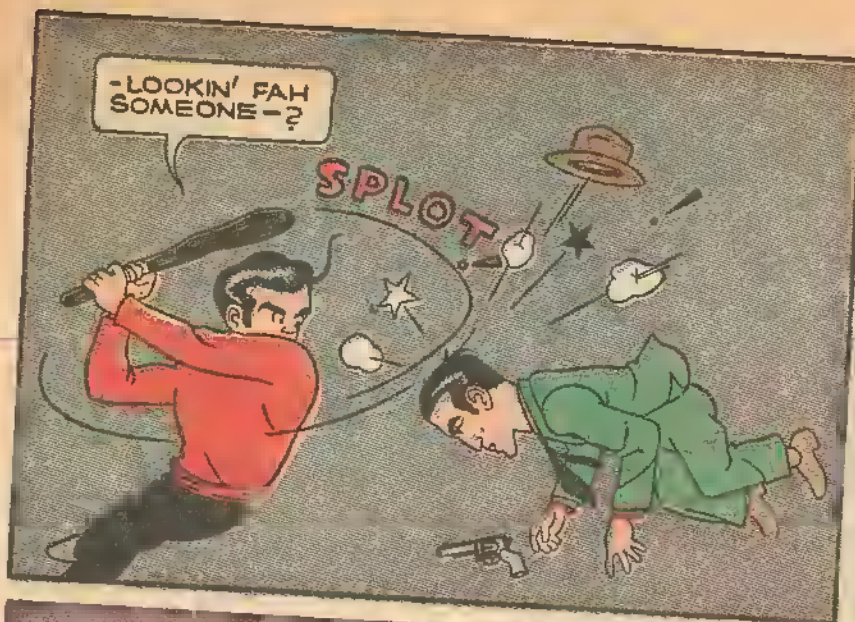










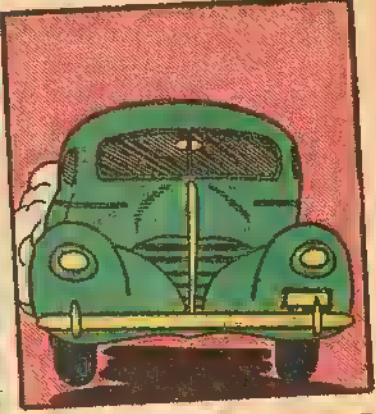




LOOK, FELLAHS!  
THEY'RE GETTIN'  
AWAY!!

BANG!  
BANG!

3 SCRAMBLING INTO  
THE CAR DRIVEN TO  
THE WAREHOUSE BY  
SLACK AND HIS AIDE,  
THE KIDS TAKE  
PURSUIT .....



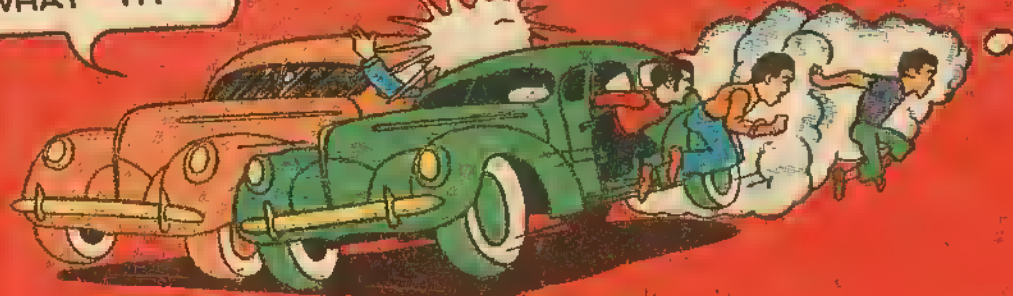
BAM! BAM!

I'M GONNA  
SIDESWIDE 'EM  
SO WHEN I  
GIVE TH' WORD  
- JUMP!!

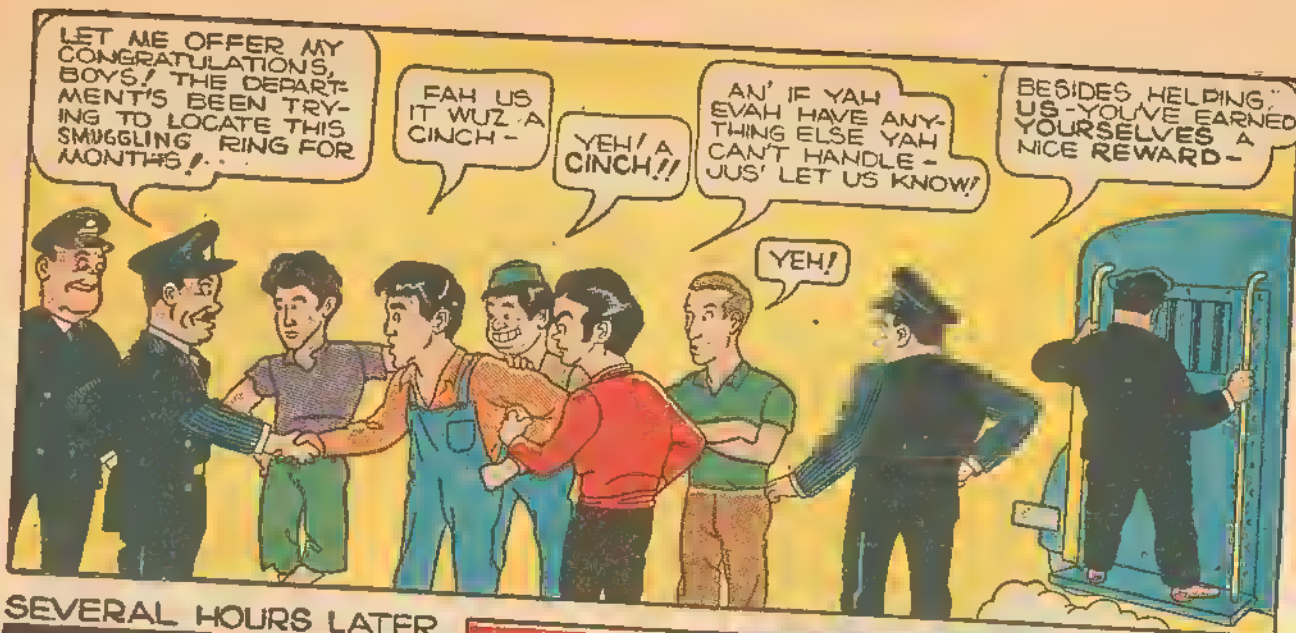
HEY!  
WHAT TH' -

BAM! CRASH!

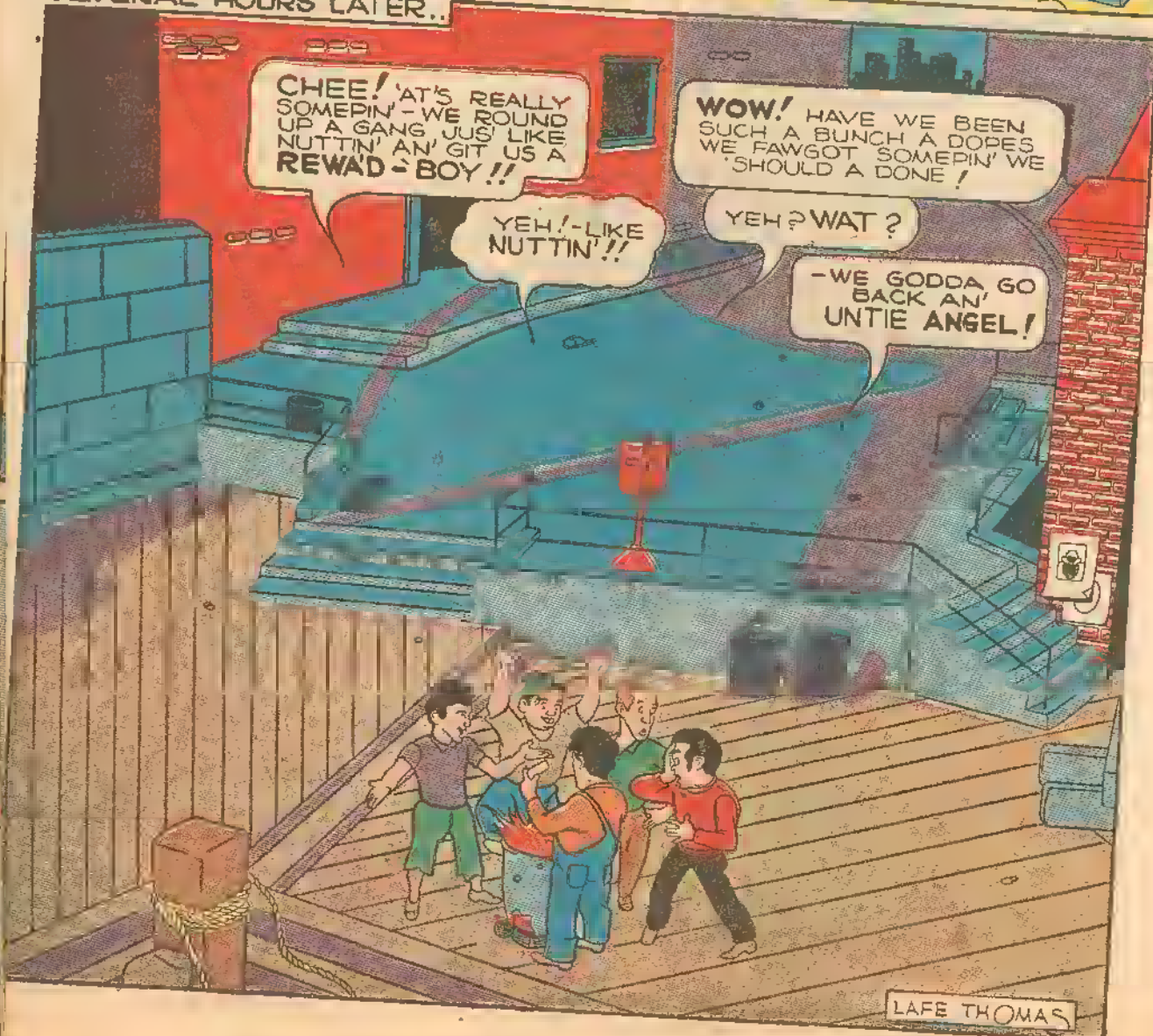
OK -  
JUMP!







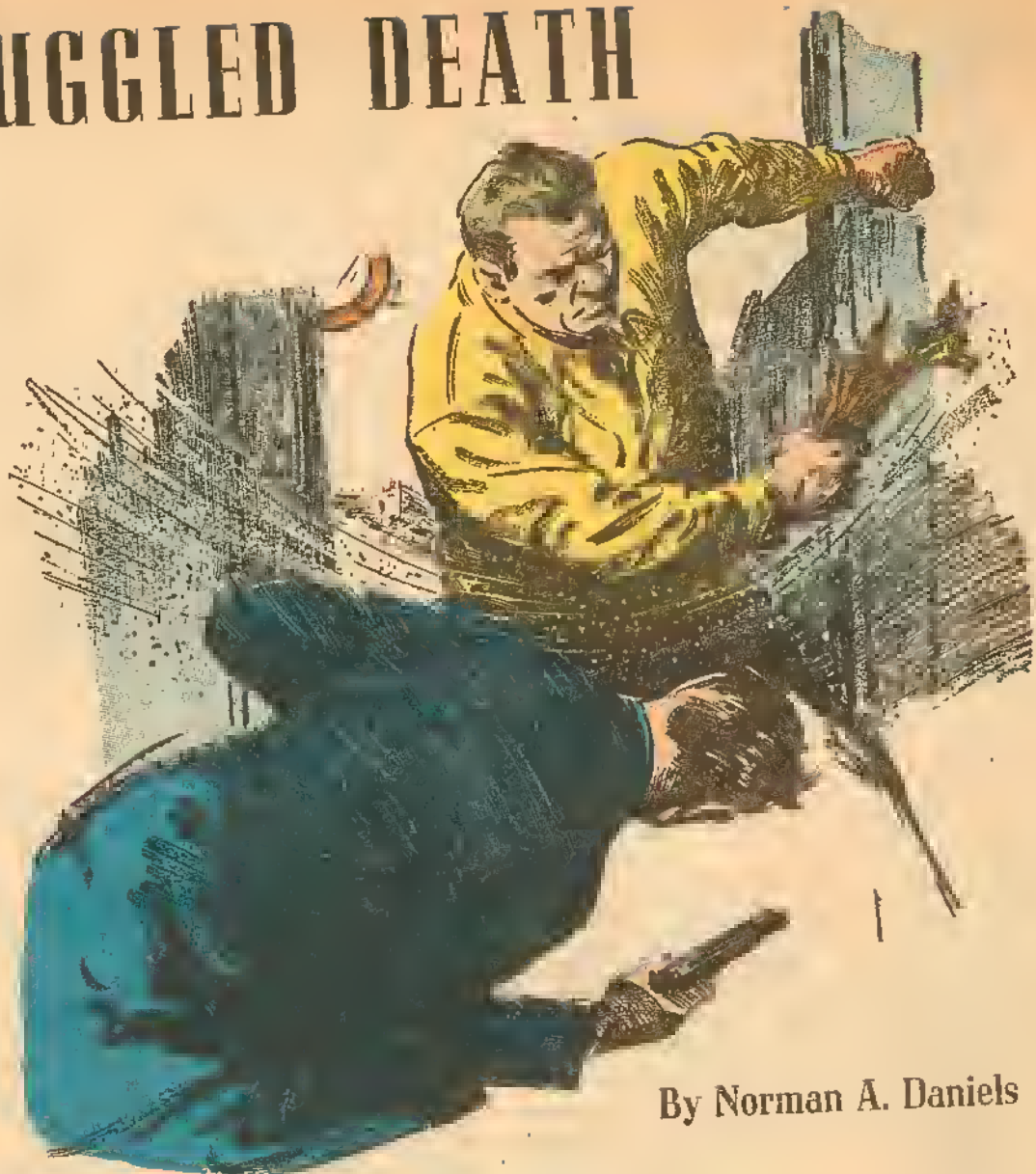
SEVERAL HOURS LATER..



LAFE THOMAS



# SMUGGLED DEATH



By Norman A. Daniels

**S**ERGEANT MIKE SHANNON, of the harbor police, guided the cruiser into dock. "We'll nail 'em this night," he prophesied to Patrolman Rogers. "Them smugglers have been too gay lately, and I've discovered the wharf under which they run their speedboats."

"On the north shore?" Patrolman Rogers asked quickly.

"Right! This tub could clear it O. K., with about two inches to spare. Headquarters got a stool-pigeon tip that a cargo of laces was heading in about midnight. We'll cruise around the wharf and grab 'em as they come in. Get some rest, lad. I'm turning in myself soon as I finish my report."

At ten o'clock Sergeant Shannon awoke to a lusty cry from the afterdeck. He jumped out of the berth and automatically reached for his

holstered weapon. Two men stood in the doorway of the tiny cabin. Each held a gun. Shannon elevated his arms promptly.

"You guys crazy?" he demanded.

"Think so?" one of the men snorted. "Any-way, sarge, you're smarter than your pal. We had to clunk him one. Now, keep on being smart. Walk ahead of us to the deck. Man the wheel and take this scow out to sea. We got a 'date!'"

Shannon compressed his lips and scowled. He took three steps forward and suddenly went into a nose dive. He skidded across the floor and brought down one of the men in a hard tackle. A gun went flying into a corner.

Shannon lunged for the second man, pinned his gun hand to the wall and rammed home a stinging blow to the face. Both thugs were off their feet and desperately trying to get away from Shannon's rushing attacks.





Shannon yanked the siren cord and opened the police boat wide. He could see three men on the forward deck of the launch. Then a machine gun spat directly behind Shannon.

The bullets smacked into the side of the speeding launch, raked the deck with whistling death.

One smuggler folded up and hung over the rail like an empty sack. Another dropped to one knee and returned the fire. Shannon glanced around.

All three of the crooks had police submachine guns now. There was no withstanding that blast of lead.

Shannon guided the police craft unerringly until it rode alongside the smugglers' launch. Hooks brought both vessels together. One crook leaped aboard.

The smuggler at the wheel staggered a few steps toward the rail, intent on taking his chances of swimming ashore. He didn't get far. The machine guns blasted once more and the three-man crew of the launch no longer existed.

"O. K., you coppers," the leader of the thugs snapped. "So far you've been smart. Keep it up and we'll pay you off right. Get aboard the launch and heave those stiffies into the drink. Then take the crates and pile them on your own tub. Snap into it!"

With three submachine guns covering them, Rogers and Shannon worked furiously.

"Pay us off?" Shannon whispered. "They'll pay us off in hot lead! Bob, we've got to think of something."

"Shut up and more speed there!" One of the thugs swaggered forward. "When you get the last crate aboard, we head for the wharf to unload. You know where it is, sarge. We watched you snooping around plenty."

Shannon stepped aboard the police launch and began piling the crates up. Rogers passed them over. The crates were large and heavy. The pitching of both vessels made the work all the harder, and the three thugs got a lot of pleasure in making each man work at high speed.

Finally, the police boat was loaded, the crates sticking perhaps six inches above the top of the cabin roof.

"You guys learn fast," the leader of the trio grinned. "Now man the wheel, sarge. Hey, Tony—take this other copper below and keep your rifle against his belly. If the sarge tries any tricks, let go at the other guy, understand? Minck, get the valise. We're ready to wipe out any trace of this stick-up."

Minck, a tall, sallow youth, picked up a heavy valise, jumped aboard the smugglers' craft and stood for a moment near the narrow companionway. He opened the valise, tugged at something and then hurled it below and sped back to the police boat.

Acting under terse orders, Shannon headed away from the launch at top speed. There was a roar, a flash of flame and the boat broke in half. One minute later, all traces of the smugglers and their craft had vanished. All evidence was gone.

Shannon made a dive for one of the guns lying against the wall. His fingers closed around it, but he never had a chance of raising the weapon. A third thug burst into the room.

He didn't shoot, for Shannon's life was valuable to their plans. Instead, he smashed down the barrel of his weapon, raking Shannon's skull with it. The husky marine sergeant sagged to his knees.

Patrolman Bob Rogers washed the dried blood away and gave Shannon a drink.

"They got me before I could swing into action," Rogers groaned. "But, sarge—you handed them plenty! One of the mugs can hardly see, and both his eyes are puffed out like big lumps. What is this all about, anyway? Did you hear anything?"

"Don't have to," Shannon snapped. "Just when we locate the wharf and get set to grab the smugglers, we have to run into a mess like this. These three men will use our craft to stop the smugglers and loot them. After that—"

"Yeah," Rogers said glumly, "I know. We become fish food! Got any ideas, skipper?"

"Sure—knock those three mugs off the deck! But how can we do it? They've got guns and they outnumber us. We're well out at sea, by now."

Just then the burliest of the trio banged open the cabin door and stepped inside. He held an automatic carelessly.

"O. K.—on deck, smart guys," he snapped. "Put your uniforms on, and you, sarge, man the wheel. Keep her just as she is now, until we sight the launch heading in."

Shannon donned his uniform and took over the wheel from one of the crooks. Rogers was forced to stand aft so that he could be plainly seen. The three crooks crouched below the rail, watching and waiting.

Out of the gloom, Shannon saw a low speed launch racing madly for shore. Her decks were piled high with contraband. One of the thugs gave a crisp order.

"Head that scow off! We're going to stop her. Use the siren, copper. Let them saps know this is a police boat!"



except that which Shannon and Rogers could furnish

Rogers was below, menaced by the dark-faced thug called Tony. Minck stood aft, machine gun draped over a crooked arm. The heavy-set leader was directly behind Shannon.

"Head for the wharf," he ordered, "and make it fast. If we run into any other marine patrols, you sound off an O. K. Run the tub right under the wharf and keep going. At the channel cut at the end of the pier, we unload and you get—paid off!"



He laughed nervously and unpleasantly. Shannon cast a quick look around. The crates were still stacked high, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stolen contraband.

Shannon's big fists closed tight around the wheel. He set both feet wide apart and braced himself. The boat headed straight toward the wharf that Shannon had searched for so long.

Somehow, the smugglers had dredged a crude canal under it, so that their craft might vanish completely from sight and frustrate any marine police.

The wharf loomed up now, and Shannon stepped her up a little. The thug behind him watched narrowly.

The prow of the launch slipped under the wharf. The skinny man called Minck was walking forward, until he stood directly below the piled-up crates. The launch shot beneath the wharf. There was a tremendous crack and crates went smashing down on Minck. The leader spun around.

Shannon's hand darted out, seized the thug's gun hand and twisted it with scientific neatness. The machine gun fell to the floor. Shannon had kicked off all power, but the momentum of the launch kept it going. A thick piling loomed up. The prow of the police boat sideswiped it. A shudder ran through the craft.

Shannon, pinned against the rail by the barly crook, fought savagely. The man weighed slightly more than he did, and hard punches rapped Shannon's face. Blood gushed out of his nose and from lacerations caused by his opponent's big fists. But Shannon was fighting coolly

now, forcing himself to forget Rogers, still in the hold with Tony menacing him. So far, no fusillade of shots had rung out.

Shannon drove a mighty fist in an upward arc. It connected with the thug's jaw, rocking him back a step. Shannon seized the advantage and bore in. A left to the stomach, a jolting right to the heart. The thug reeled sideways a few steps. Shannon tore in again.

He slammed a husky left to the face, jolted the thug's head back until his chin stuck up in a target that couldn't be missed. Shannon wound up and let go. The crook shot across the deck as if he'd been struck with a pile driver.

In the next second, the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun banged out. Minck, who had been knocked flat by the falling crates, had found his gun. Shannon nose-dived to deck, slid along it until he had the gun dropped by the leader. Raising it slightly, he fired. Then he sped forward, around the crates and opened fire as he ran.

Minck felt the bullets whine past. He dropped his gun and raised his hands swiftly.

"Turn around!" Shannon ordered.

Minck obeyed sullenly. Shannon lifted the rifle and brought it down in a skull blow. Minck slid to the deck. In a flash, Shannon was diving down the companionway.

A man stepped out of the tiny cabin to meet him. Shannon's trigger finger tightened, and then relaxed. It was Rogers. He was bloody, his clothes ripped to pieces, and deep scratches were evident on his face, but he wore a triumphant grin.

"It worked!" Rogers cried. "You all right, sarge?"

"Sure," Shannon replied. "How's Tony?"

"Stiff! I waited until those crates went dumping on deck. Tony jumped up and so did I. He swung his gun around and was ready to shoot, when we piled up against the wharf. It spoiled his aim and I had him.

"Sarge, that was a smart idea—piling those crates just high enough so they wouldn't clear the wharf."

"There was no other way," Shannon said, happily. "I figured they'd get at least one of the rats when they crashed down. Let's go above and make our friends comfortable. Bring some rope."

Minck was groaning as Rogers tied him up. The leader of the trio was sitting up, trying to adjust a jaw somewhat out of kilter. Shannon snapped handcuffs around the scowling crook's wrists.

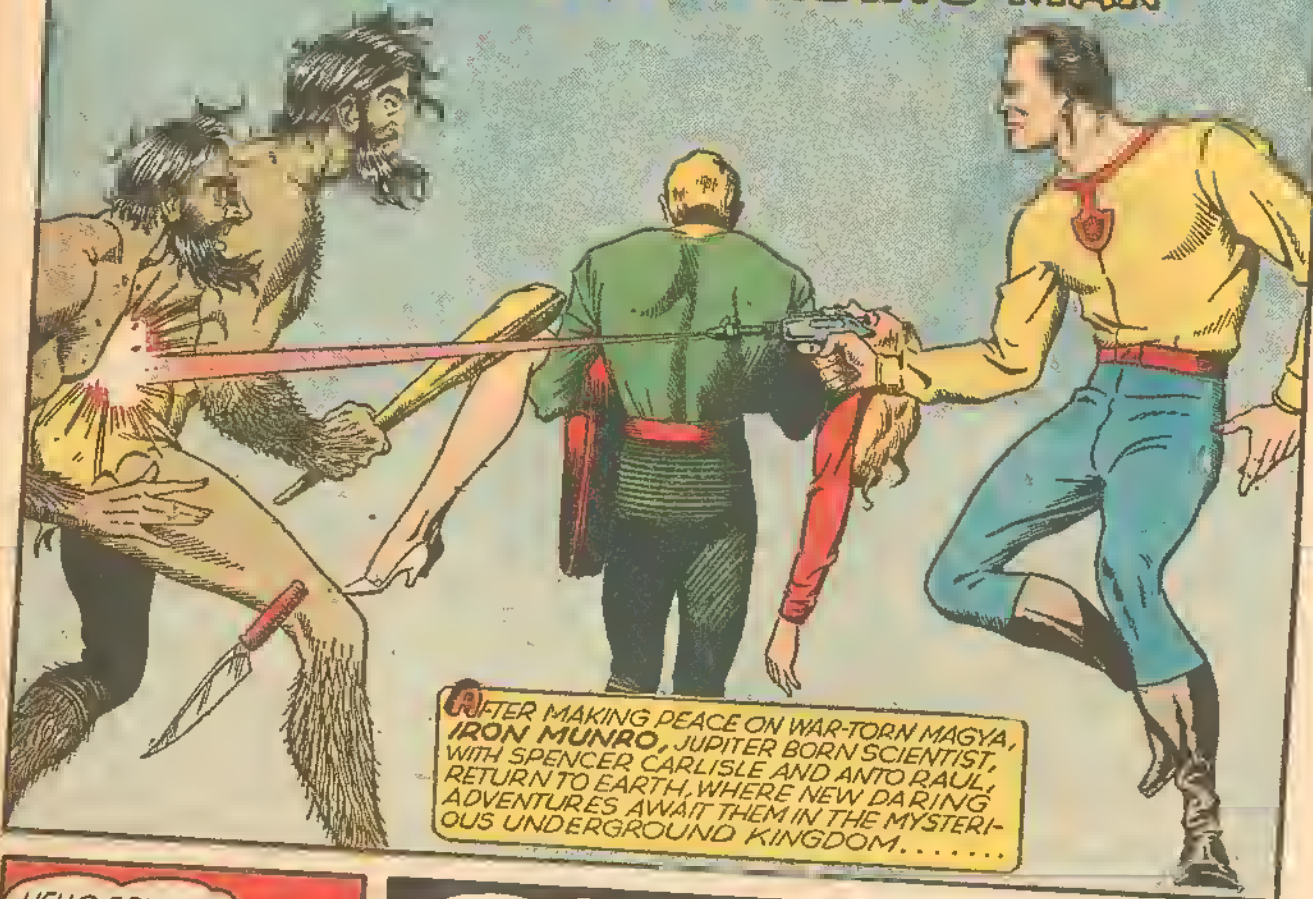
"Sergeant, you're a fool! We were going to pay you off with a few grand. You could have helped us again. It was a swell set-up!"

"Yeah, for you," Shannon replied. "You'd have paid us off in lead! And speaking of payoffs, you've got one coming. You killed three men, remember? The law is going to pay off on the one!"

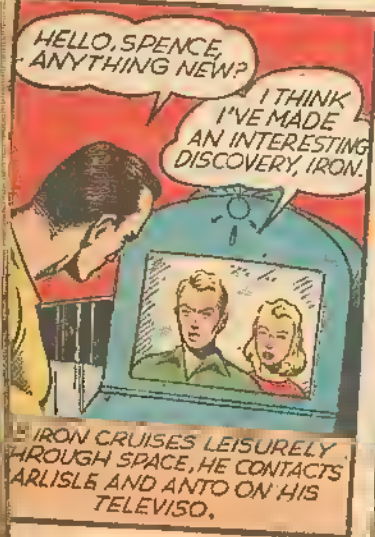
THE END.

# IRON MUNRO

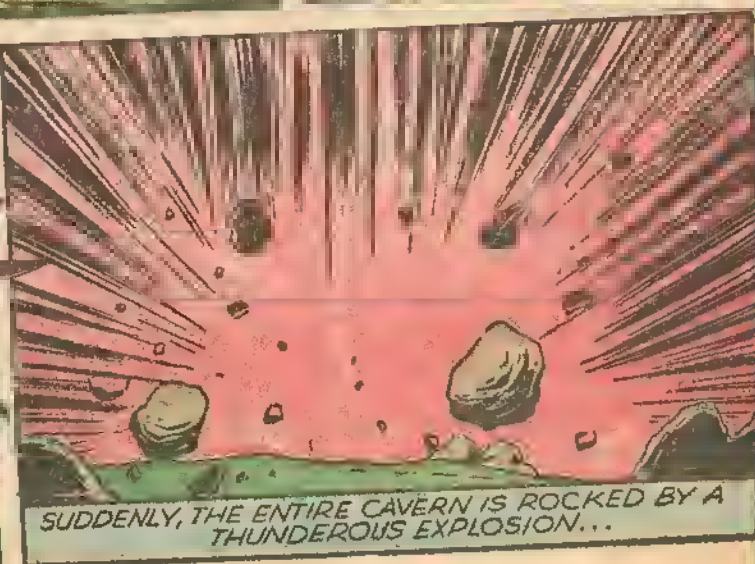
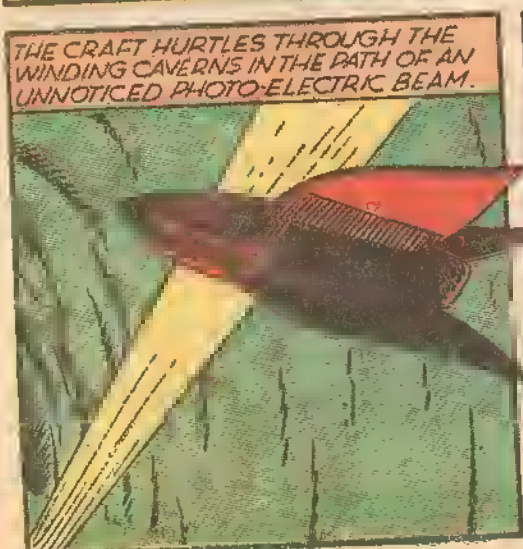
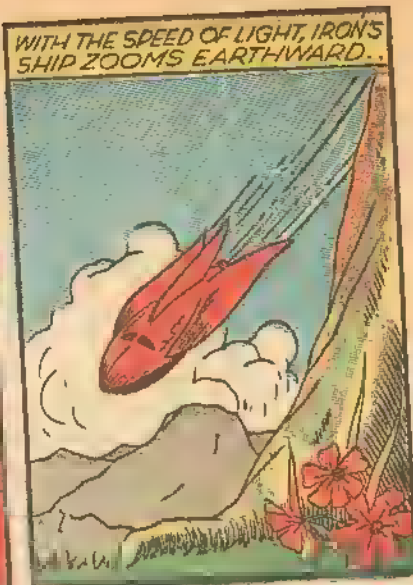
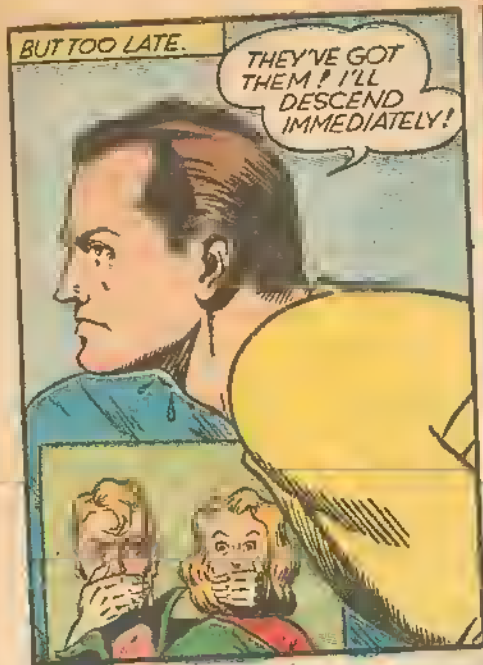
## The ASTOUNDING MAN



**AFTER MAKING PEACE ON WAR-TORN MAGYA, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER BORN SCIENTIST, WITH SPENCER CARLISLE AND ANTO RAUL, RETURN TO EARTH, WHERE NEW DARING ADVENTURES AWAIT THEM IN THE MYSTERIOUS UNDERGROUND KINGDOM.....**









THEIR TRAP NEARLY GOT ME... I'D BETTER GET OUT AND WALK.



THAT SMALL CLIFF.. I CAN GET A BETTER VIEW OF THIS PLACE FROM THERE.



SPENCE AND ANTO ARE HELD PRISONER SOMEWHERE IN THESE MURKY DEPTHS, AND I'M GOING TO FIND THEM.



STRANGE PALE-SKINNED UNDERGROUND DWELLERS FOLLOW EVERY STEP THAT IRON TAKES...



THAT CREEPY FEELING... TROUBLE'S IN THE AIR!



OH, HO! PLAYING PEEK A BOO, EH?



C'MON, YOU DEVILS... THE FUN'S JUST STARTING!



KILL THE SURFACE MAN, KILL HIM!

DIDN'T KNOW I'D HAVE A WHOLE ARMY ON MY NECK!

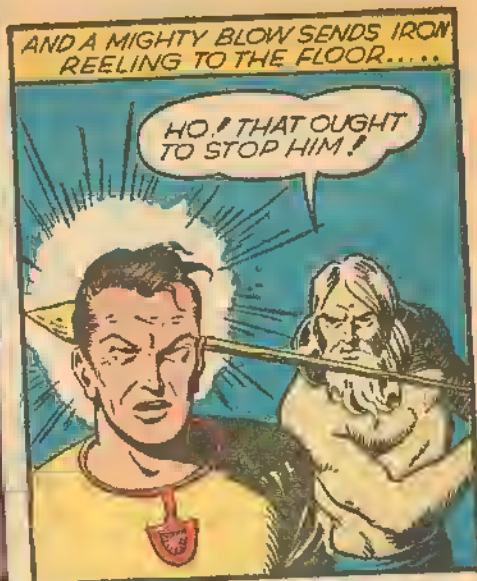


WHIRLING IN THE NICK OF TIME, IRON MUNRO LET'S GO A MIGHTY WALLOP.

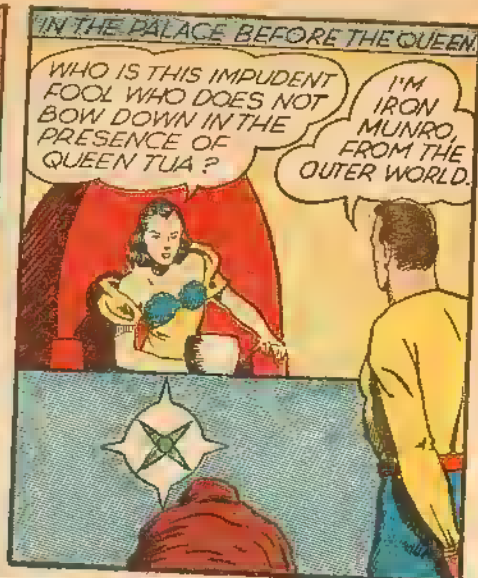
ALTHOUGH BADLY OUTNUMBERED, THE MAN FROM JUPITER GIVES A SMASHINGLY GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF....















GGULLP!  
BOY, THAT  
WAS CLOSE!



HERE'S WHERE KITTY  
GETS A SURPRISE!



THAT'LL TAKE  
SOME OF THE  
FIGHT OUT OF  
YOU, PAL!

A MIGHTY WRENCH, AND  
THE ANIMAL SNAPS BACK  
WITH A BROKEN NECK.

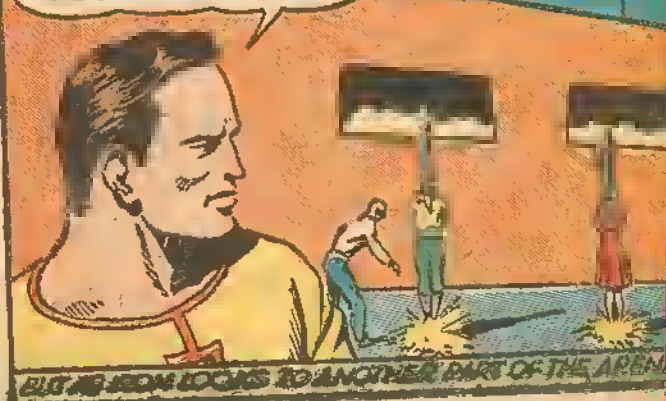


LOOKS LIKE THE  
MIGHTY KILLER OF CHARON  
WASN'T AS TOUGH AS HE  
WAS CRACKED UP TO BE.

THE CHARON'S GO WILD AT THE SURFACE  
MAN'S AMAZING VICTORY....



THE CROWD'S  
FOR ME....IT'S SPENCE  
AND ANTO, THEY'RE GOING  
TO BURN THEM ALIVE!



BIG IRON LOOKS TO ANOTHER PART OF THE ARENA



IT'S THE QUEEN'S WORK... JEALOUS OF MY SUDDEN POPULARITY.



HERE, I CAN USE THIS!



RELEASE THEM... LEST I FORGET YOU'RE A LADY!

I WILL... YOU SHALL BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE CHARON. I PROMISE THAT!



LATER, THE THREE FRIENDS ARE REUNITED...

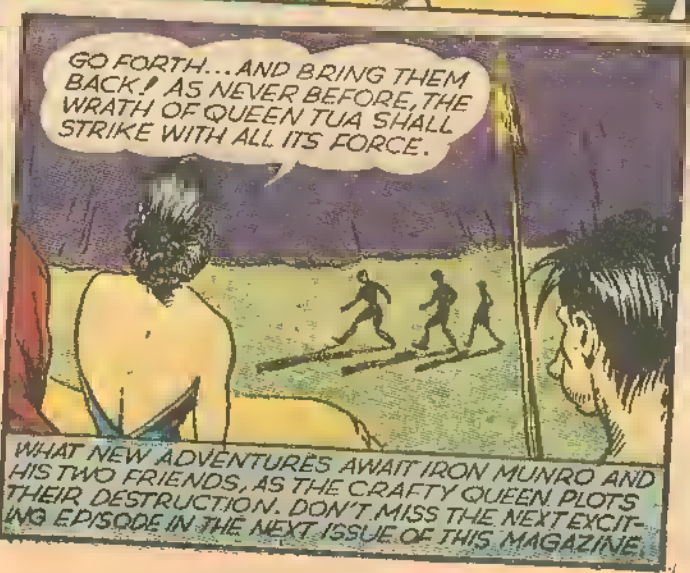
BOY, LOOKED BAD FOR ME AND ANTO. SURE THOUGHT THEY'D GET RID OF US BY NOW!

GUESS WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW... I SORT OF TAMED THE QUEEN DOWN A BIT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



MEANWHILE, AT TUA'S PALACE...

'T WAS NOT VERY WISE TO LET THE SURFACE PEOPLE GO, MY QUEEN. OUR CIVILIZATION WILL BECOME KNOWN TO THE WORLD, AND OUR PLAN TO INVADE THE OUTER EARTH WILL FAIL!



GO FORTH... AND BRING THEM BACK! AS NEVER BEFORE, THE WRATH OF QUEEN TUA SHALL STRIKE WITH ALL ITS FORCE.

WHAT NEW ADVENTURES AWAIT IRON MUNRO AND HIS TWO FRIENDS, AS THE CRAFTY QUEEN PLOTS THEIR DESTRUCTION. DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE



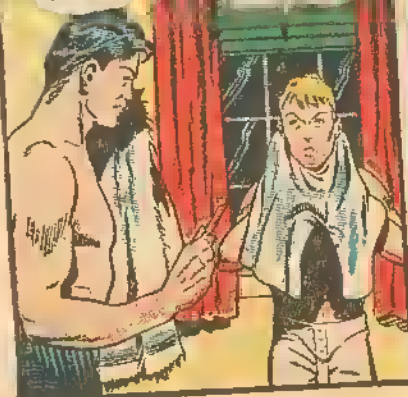
# The HOODED WASP



YOUNG JIM MARTIN AND THE HOODED WASP FIND THEMSELVES ON THE TRAIL OF A NEW TYPE OF MENACE, A STILETTO TOSSING KILLER WHO LEAVES A TRAIL OF DEATH.

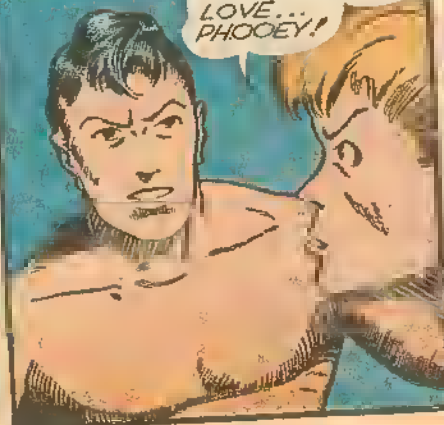
AN INVITATION TO A COSTUME BALL... AND BRING YOUNG MASTER JAMES MARTIN WITH YOU.

MASTER JAMES, PHOOEY! PARTIES ARE NO PLACE FOR US, WASP.



LOOK, SQUIRT... I PROMISED DOC JOHNSON WE'D BE THERE... AND LITTLE MAN WE'LL BE THERE.

PARTIES..GIRLS.. LOVE... PHOOEY!



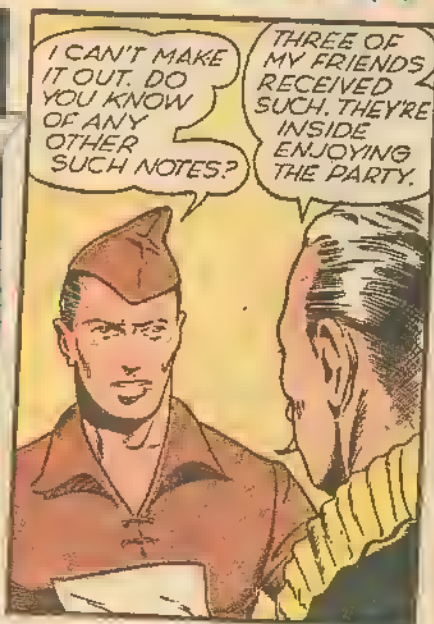
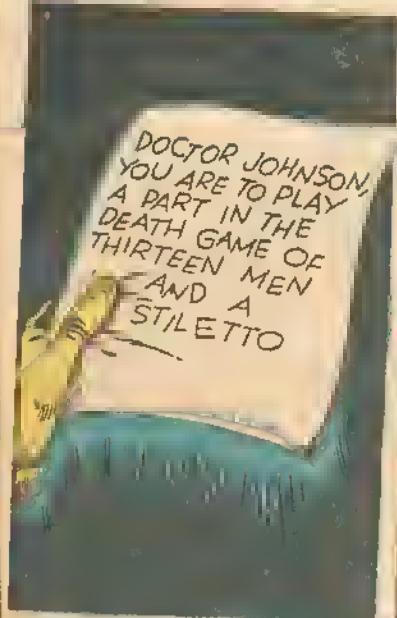
THERE THEY ARE! HOODED WASP AND MASTER JAMES, MAY I PRESENT MY DAUGHTER, MAE.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. WASP, AND YOU, MASTER JAMES.

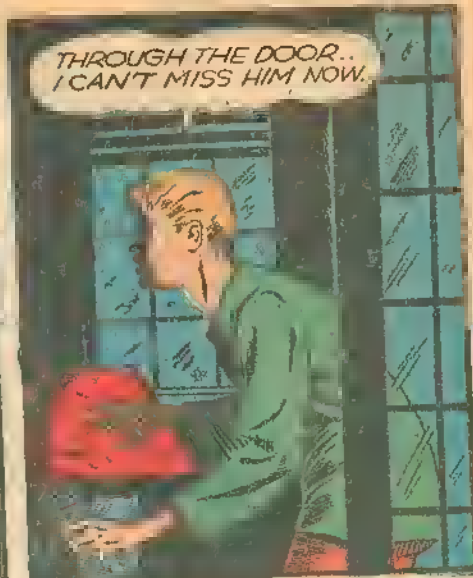


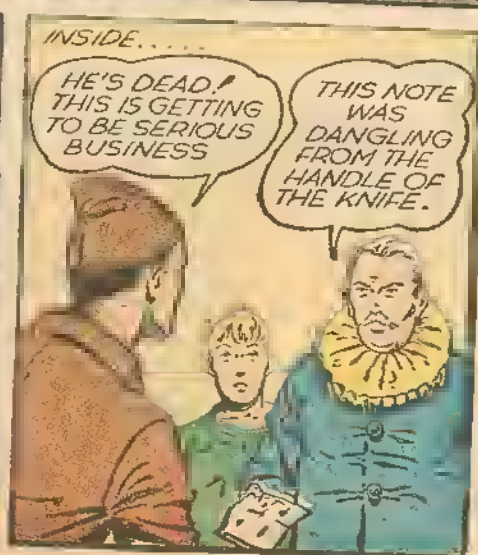
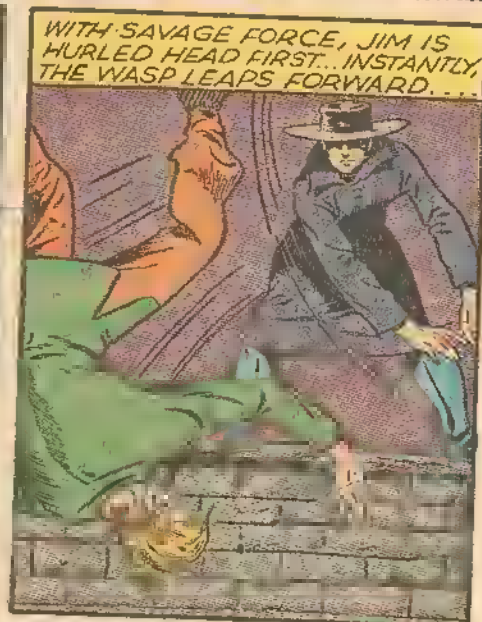
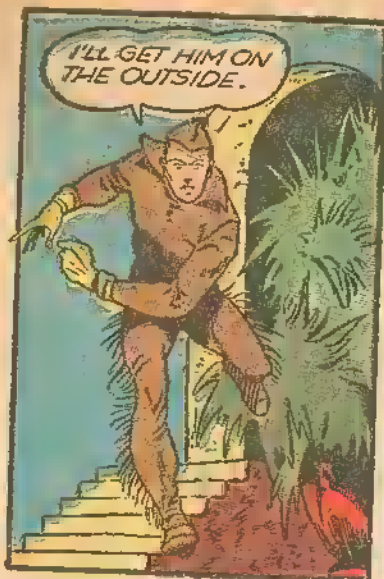
LATER, AT DR. JOHNSON'S HOME



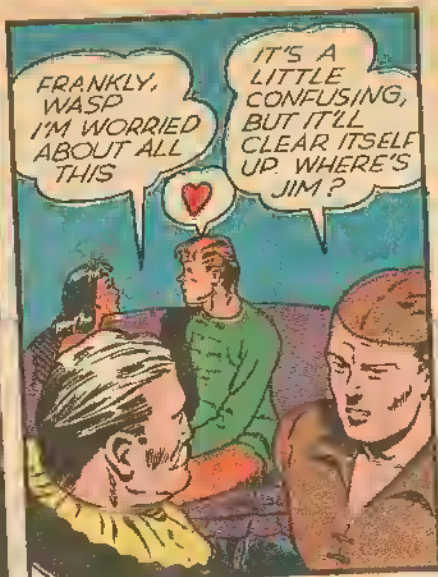
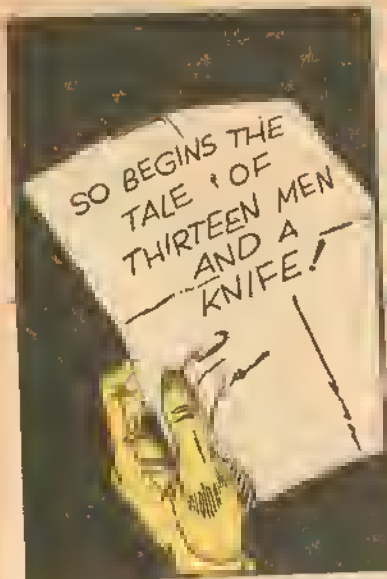




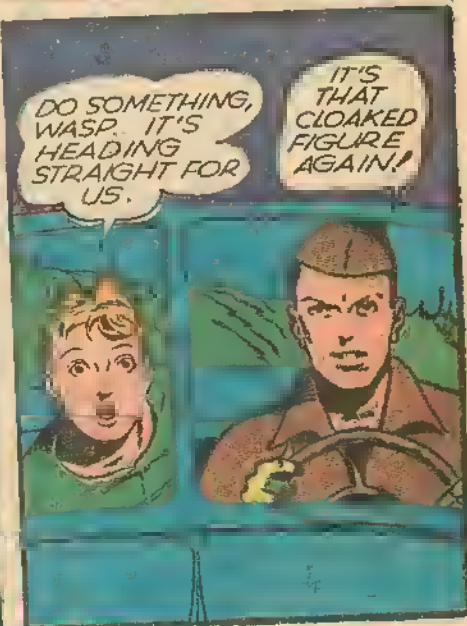
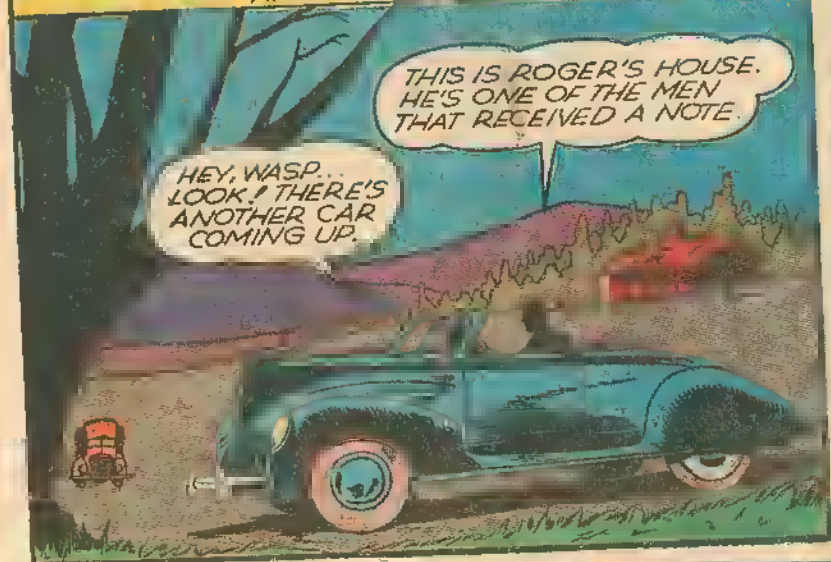


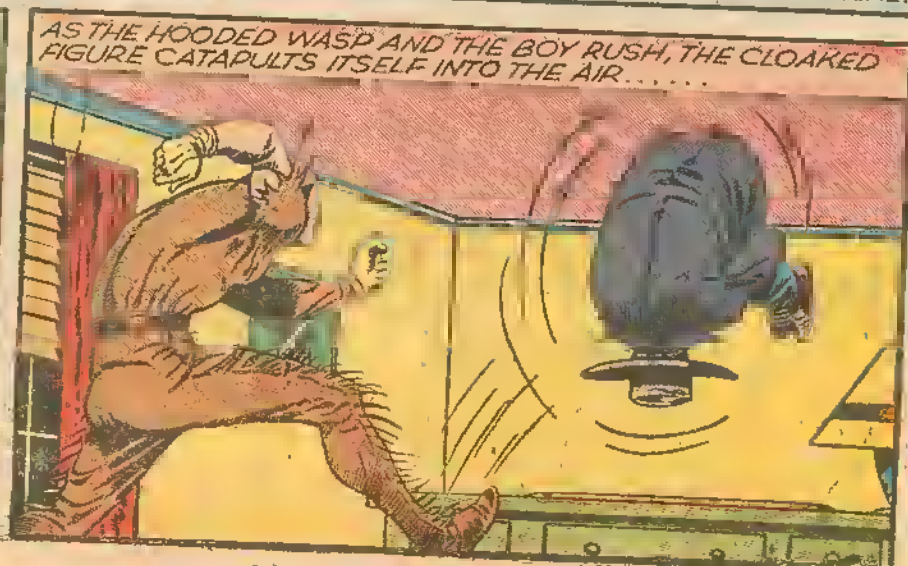
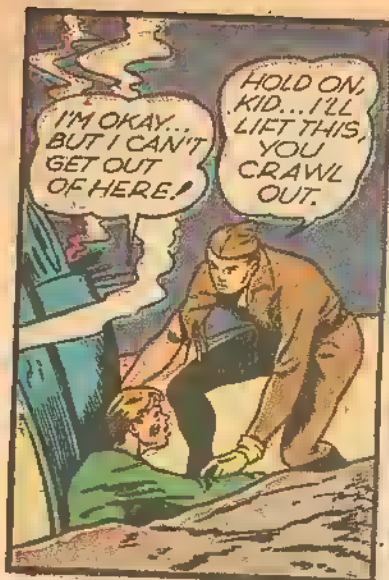




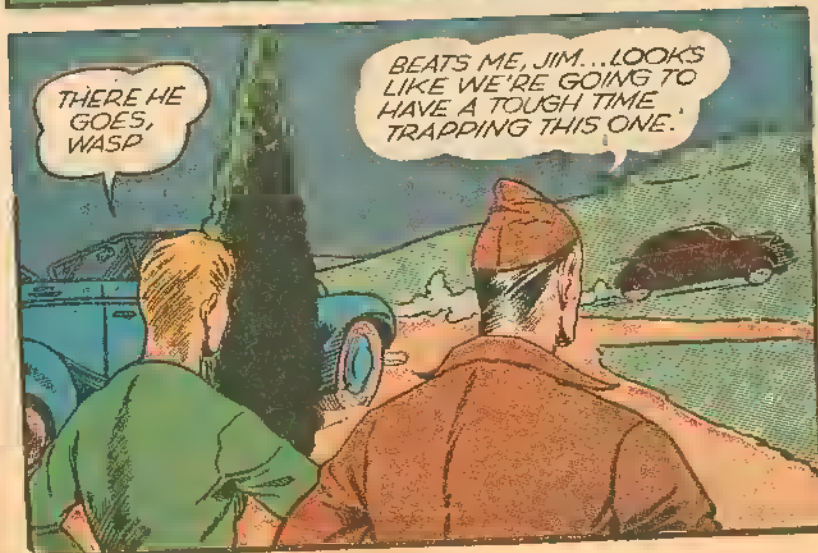
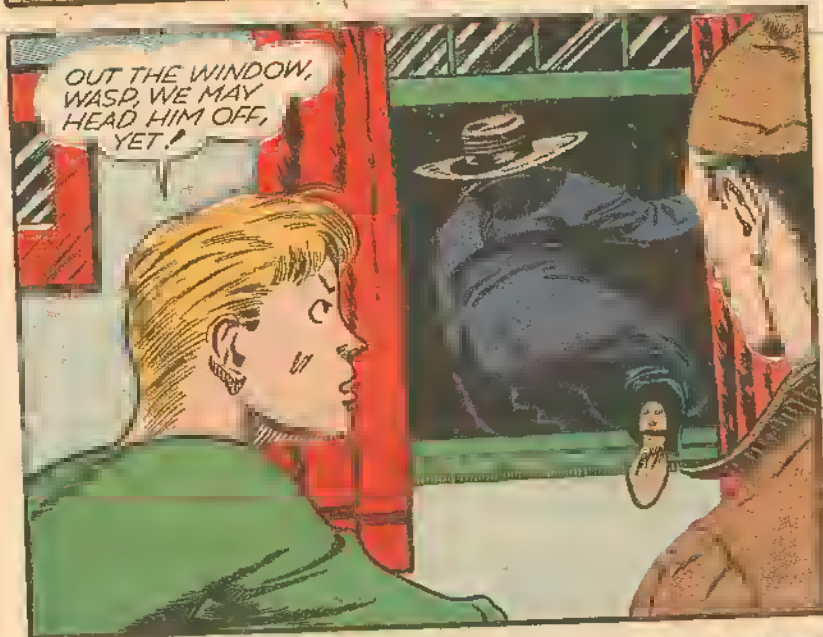
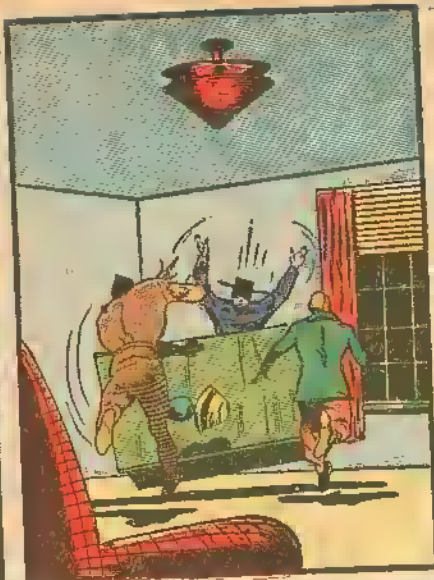


LATER, AS THE HOODED WASP AND JIM MARTIN APPROACH THE ROGER'S HOME.









LATER, AS JIM SAUTERS UP TO THE HOME OF DR. JOHNSON TO CALL ON MAE

SUDDENLY...

OOOOOOOF!



FORGET YOUR CRIME-HUNTING FOR AWHILE, OR THE KID DIES!

WHY, HELLO! HELLO! HUNG UP ON ME.

ALL THIS HAD ME PUZZLED. AFTER STUDYING THE POLICE FILES ON THE KILLER BARONI CASE... I BELIEVE I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING.

WHY, I SERVED ON THE JURY THAT SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH. SAY, AND SO DID THE TWO MEN WHO WERE MURDERED.

ARRIVING AT CERTAIN CONCLUSIONS, THE WASP HASTENS TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

THE THIRTEEN MEN REFERS TO THE JUDGE AND JURY THAT CONVICTED THIS KILLER. NO DOUBT, ONE OF THE GANG IS OUT FOR VENGEANCE.

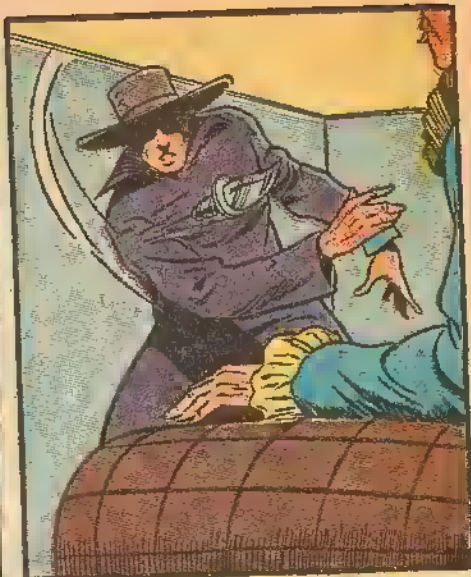
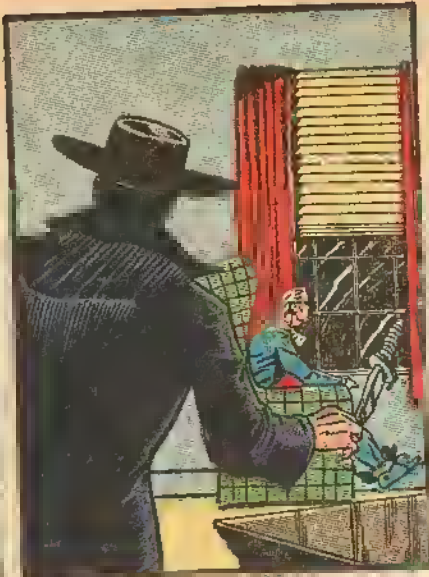
THE DEATHS ARE PROCEEDING IN THE ORDER OF THE SELECTION OF THE JURY... MEANING THAT YOU'RE NEXT!

M-M-ME! GULP! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

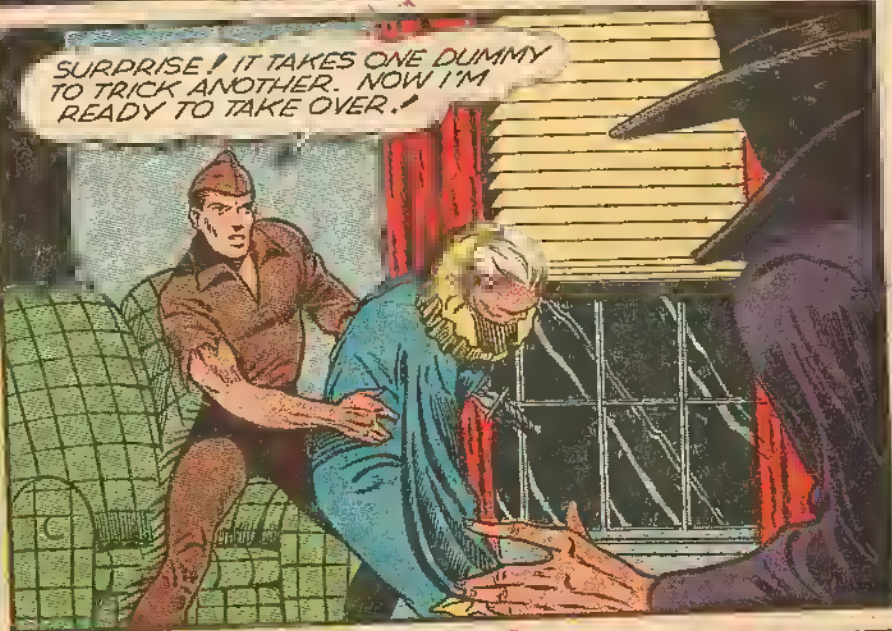
WE'VE GOT TO TRAP THE KILLER, THIS TIME, DOC... OR IT'S THE END OF JIM! LISTEN.



LATER, A FIGURE CREEPS  
STEALTHILY INTO THE  
DOCTOR'S STUDY...



SURPRISE ! IT TAKES ONE DUMMY  
TO TRICK ANOTHER. NOW I'M  
READY TO TAKE OVER.!



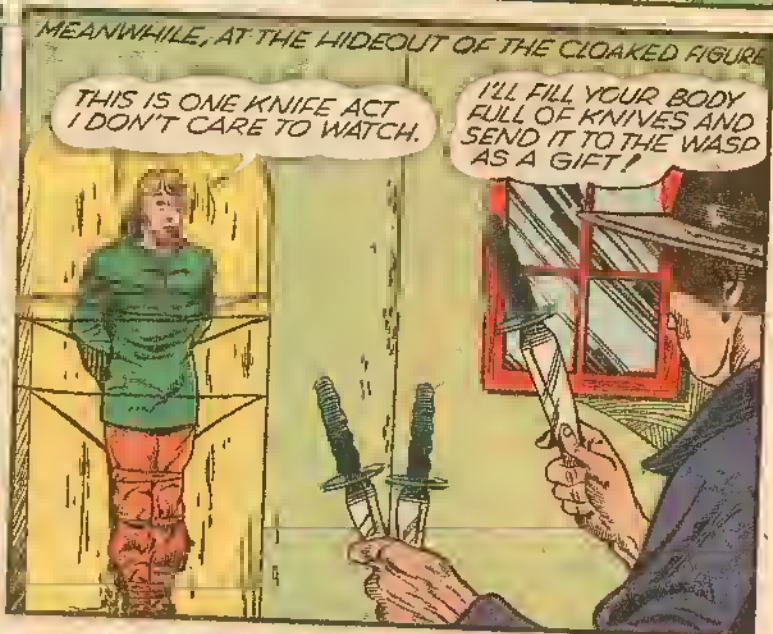
AS THE WASP CHARGES,  
THE CLOAKED FIGURE  
NIMBLY LEAPS TOWARDS  
THE CHANDELIER...



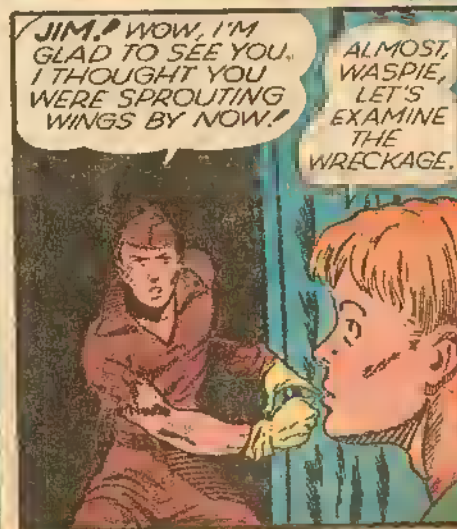
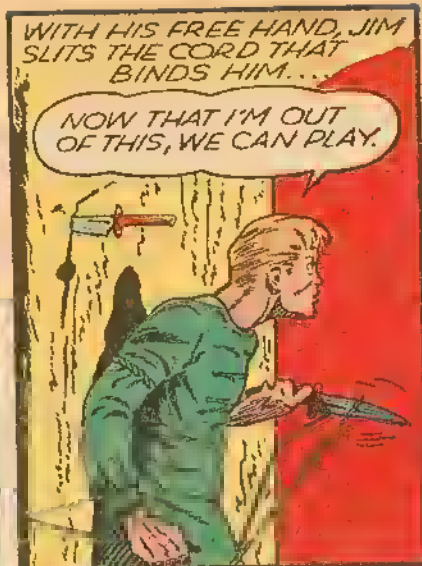
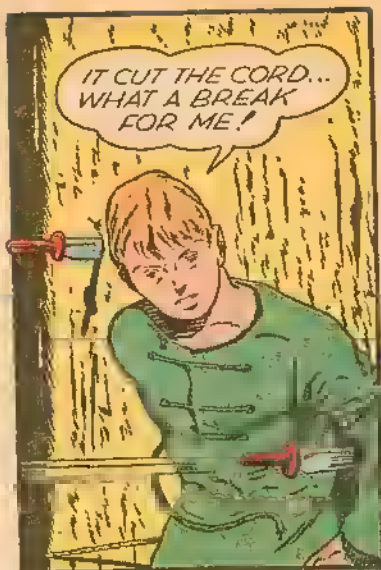
...AND GRACEFULLY GLIDES  
TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.



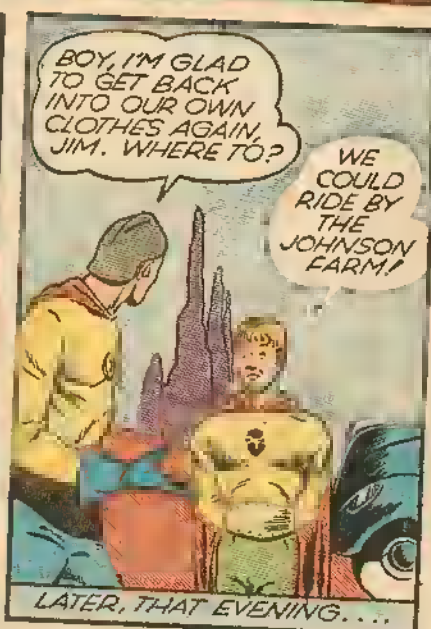
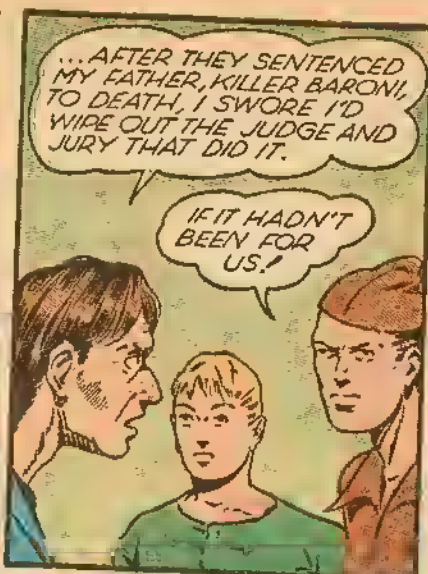












# BLACKSTONE THE MAGICIAN

FOR THE FIRST TIME!

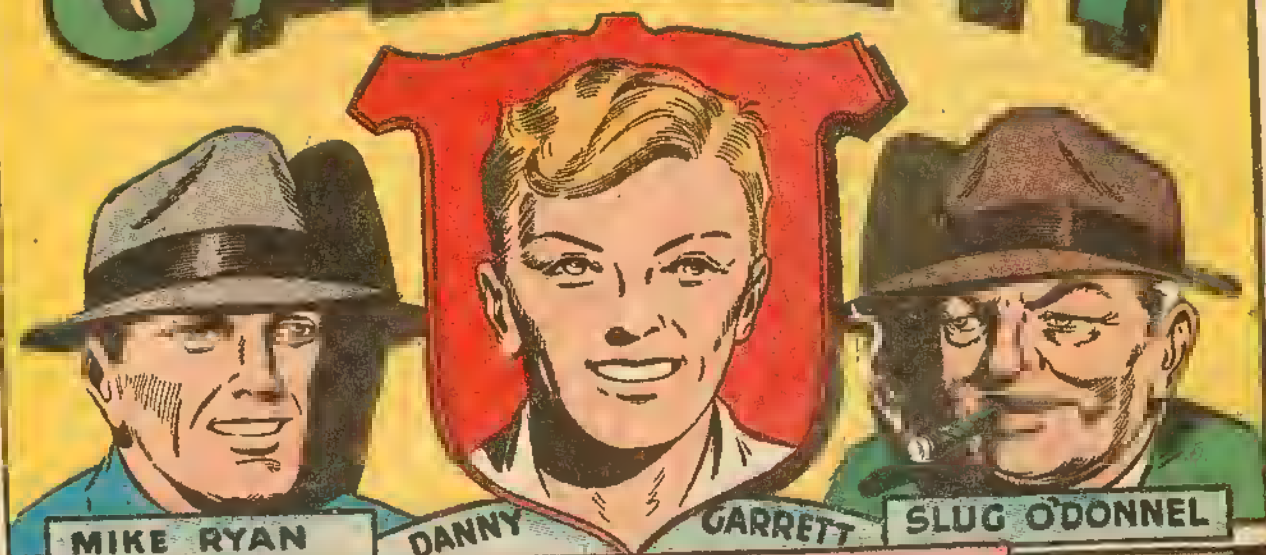
The exclusive tricks of Harry Blackstone, the world's most famous magician, published in **SUPER-MAGIC COMICS**

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# DANNY GARRETT



YES, I'VE GOT IT  
WEST 22<sup>ND</sup> ---  
SHOOTING---ONE  
MAN DEAD---  
GIRL INJURED

DANNY GARRETT, A PRODUCT OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, POSSESSOR OF AN ALMOST UNCANNY ABILITY FOR SMELLING OUT CLEWS, HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE HEART OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT. ALTHOUGH STILL BUT A BOY, HE HAS ALREADY SOLVED SEVERAL CRIMES THAT HAD THE BEST MINDS IN THE DEPARTMENT BAFLED. BIG MIKE RYAN AND POWERFUL SLUG O'DONNEL HAVE PRACTICALLY ADOPTED THE LAD. WE DISCOVER THE THREE IN WEST 16<sup>TH</sup> STREET STATION.



YOU COMIN'  
ALONG  
DANNY?

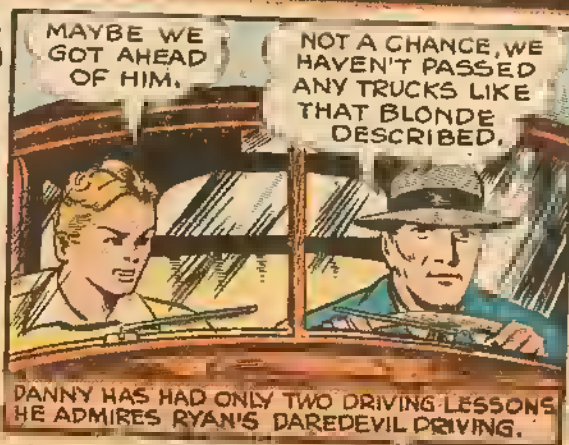
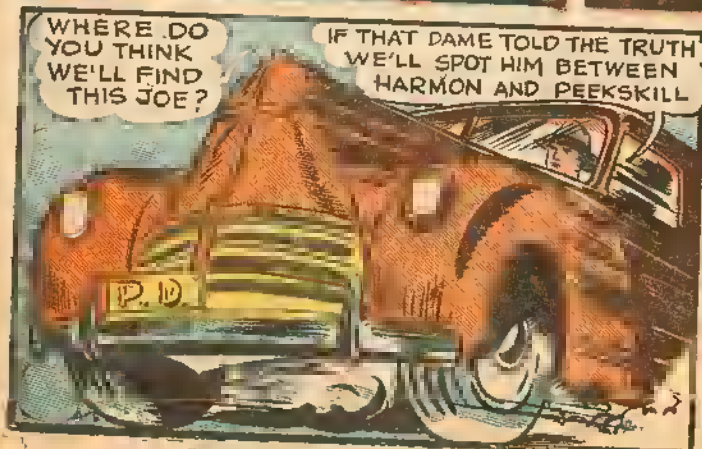
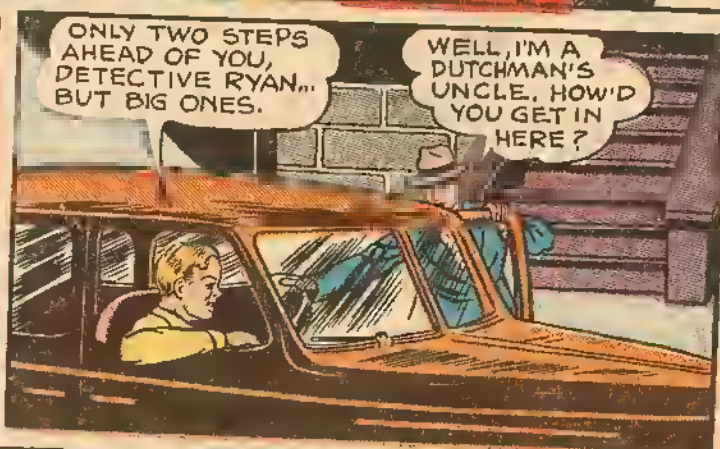
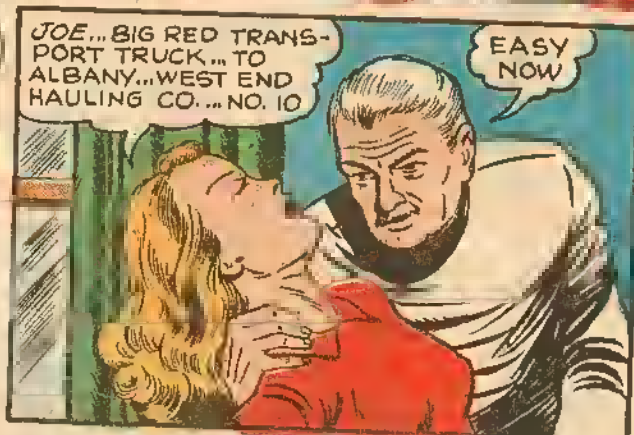
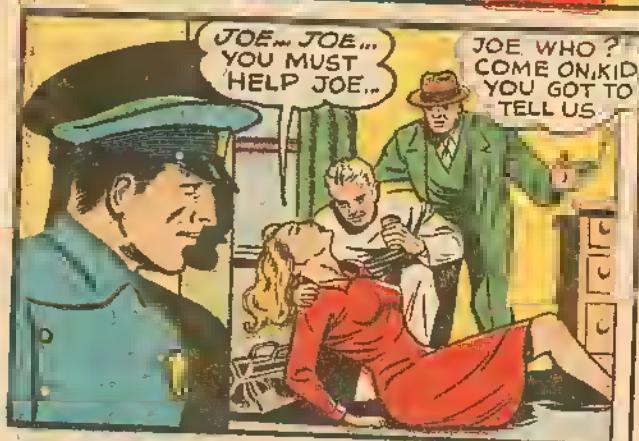
TRY AND  
STOP ME.

THAT MUST  
BE THE  
PLACE

AHHA! THE  
PROWLER CARS  
GOT HERE  
AHEAD OF US.









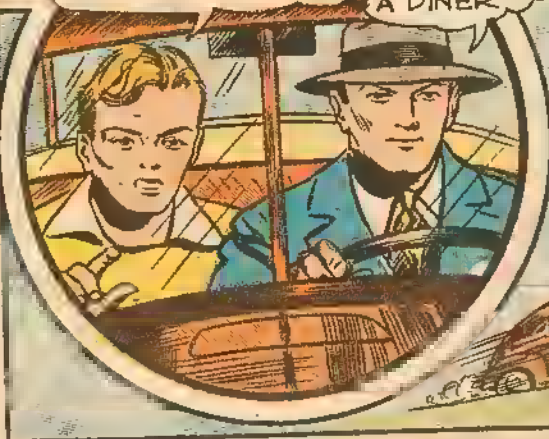
MIKE, LOOK THERE... THIRD CAR AHEAD... I'LL BET THAT'S IT.

WE'LL KNOW IN A SQUIRT.



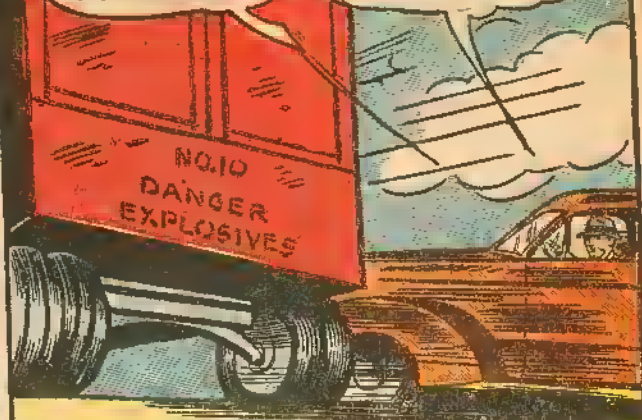
LOOK AT WHAT HE'S HAULING, MIKE. WHEW! HOW'LL YOU STOP HIM?

I WON'T, WE'LL TRAIL HIM UNTIL HE STOPS AT A DINER.



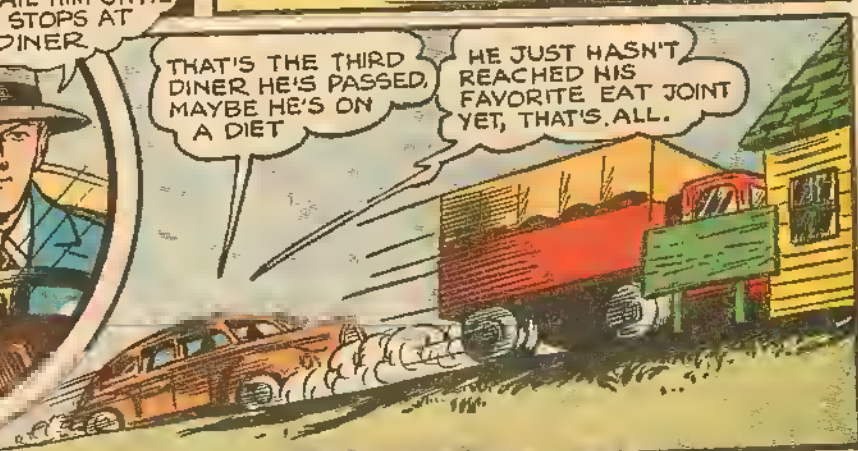
THAT'S IT ALL RIGHT. NUMBER TEN.

IN ALL MODESTY... RIGHT AS USUAL.



THAT'S THE THIRD DINER HE'S PASSED, MAYBE HE'S ON A DIET

HE JUST HASN'T REACHED HIS FAVORITE EAT JOINT YET, THAT'S ALL.



FINALLY THE DRIVER STOPS TO EAT.



THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE BACK OF THAT TRUCK. RUN UP FRONT AND HOLD THE DRIVER, DANNY! I'LL SEE WHO'S IN THE BACK.

O.K.

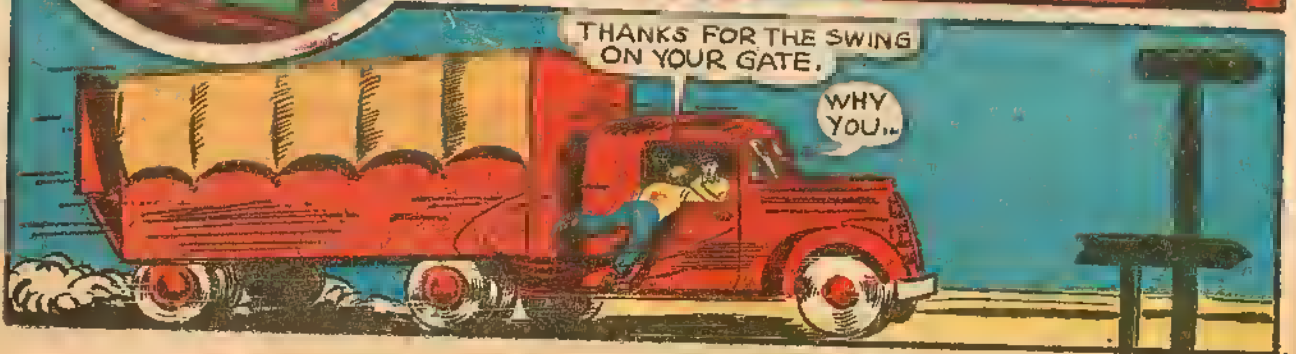
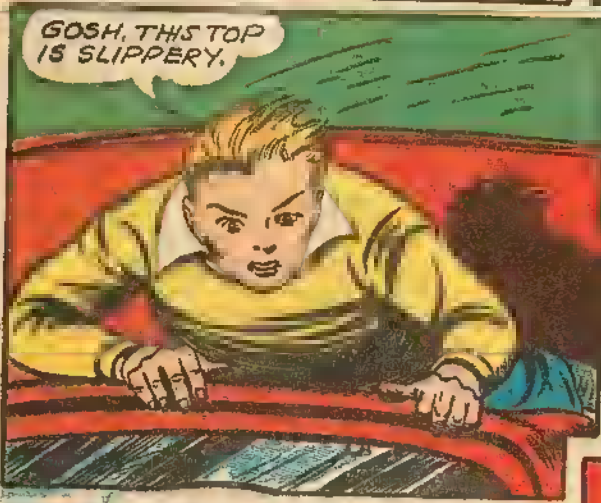
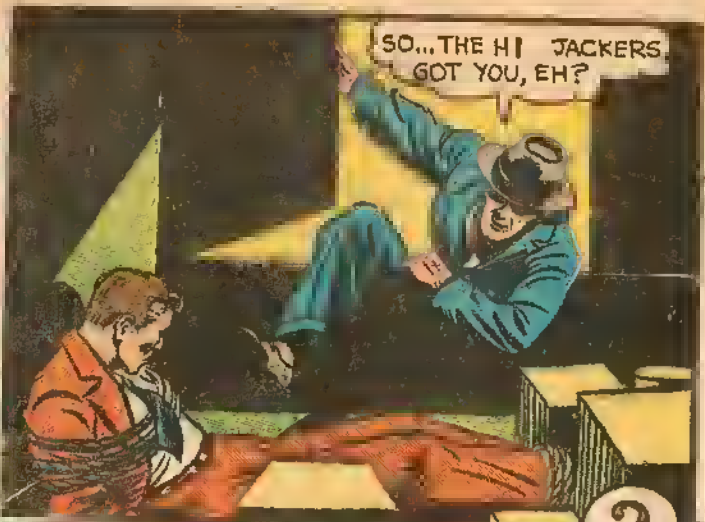
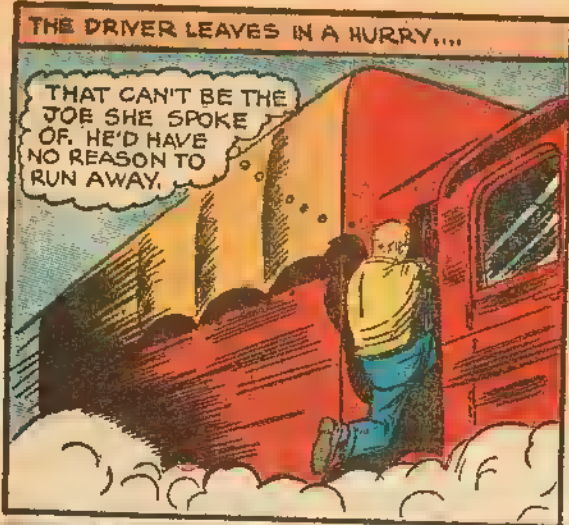


THE DRIVER SEES DANNY AND RYAN AND BECOMES ALARMED.

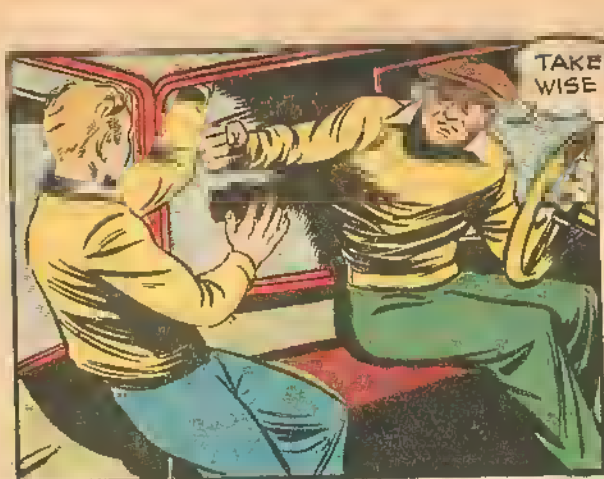
HEY! WHAT THE...!











TAKE THAT WISE GUY!

AS THE DRIVER'S FIST SMASHES FORWARD, DANNY GRABS HIS WRIST AND WITH A JERK PULLS THE THUG OUT OF THE CAB.



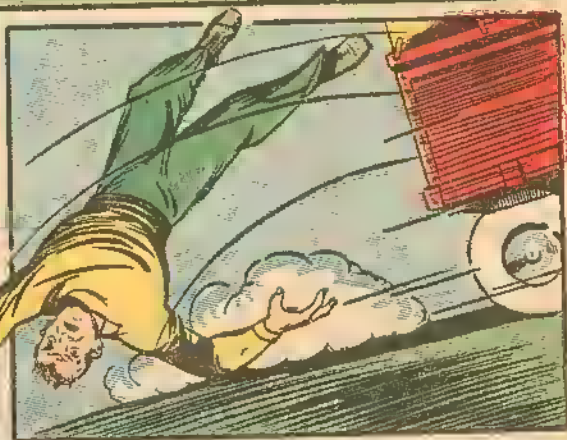
SORRY YOU ARE IN SUCH A HURRY.

HELP

DANNY QUICKLY REACHES FOR THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE CAREENING TRUCK.



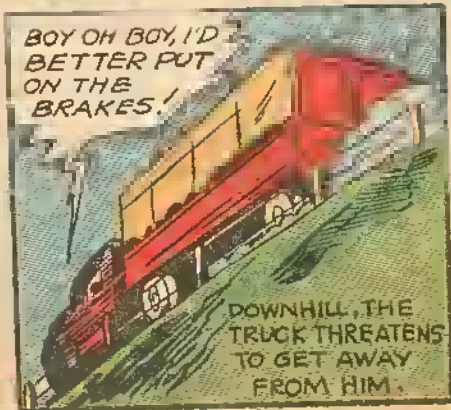
IF THIS LOAD CRASHES THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF ME LEFT TO SEND HOME



HE MANAGES TO RIGHT THE TRUCK IN THE NICK OF TIME

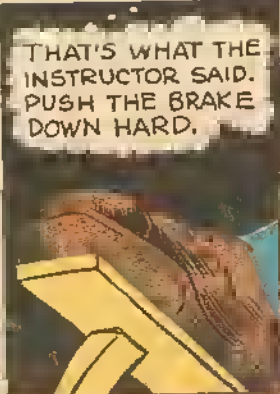


GEE I'M SCARED, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE THINGS.

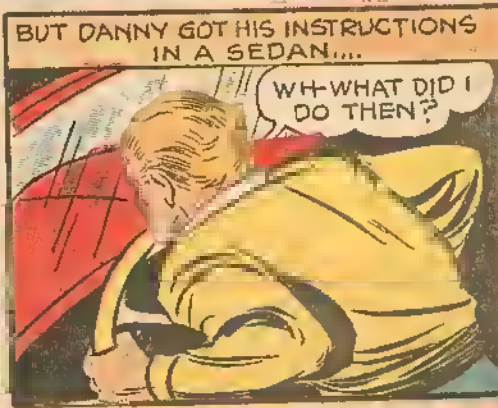


BOY OH BOY, I'D BETTER PUT ON THE BRAKES!

DOWNHILL, THE TRUCK THREATENS TO GET AWAY FROM HIM.



THAT'S WHAT THE INSTRUCTOR SAID. PUSH THE BRAKE DOWN HARD.



BUT DANNY GOT HIS INSTRUCTIONS IN A SEDAN....

WH-WHAT DID I DO THEN?



THE TRUCK HAVING AIR BRAKES  
ALMOST TURNS OVER.

WHEW

OH, OH, THE  
RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE, BUT  
I COULDN'T STOP  
THIS FREIGHT CAR  
ANYWAY.

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.  
HE AINT SLOWIN' DOWN.  
GIVE HIM THE GATS, BUT  
DON'T HIT THE TRAILER!

WHAM

DON'T LET HIM GET  
AWAY, YOU LUGS, GIVE  
HIM ALL YA GOT!

A STRAY BULLET  
CUTS THE AIR LINES.

I'LL KNOW BETTER  
THIS  
TIME..

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, THE  
BRAKES DON'T  
WORK!

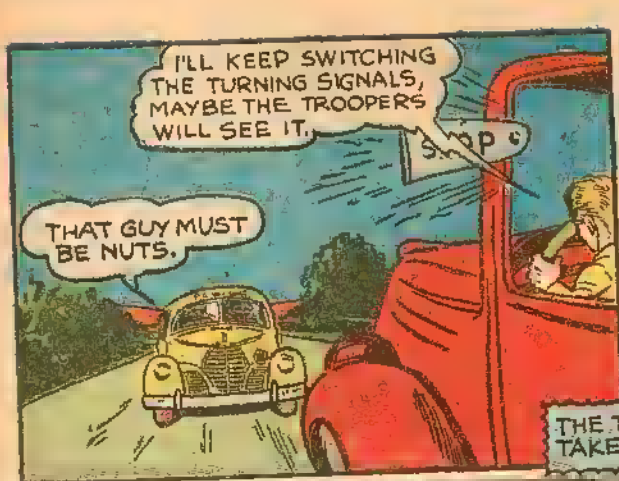
DANNY PRESSES THE BRAKE  
PEDAL VERY LIGHTLY, BUT...

THE BOY DETECTIVE REALIZES  
HE HAS NO BRAKES.....

MEANWHILE, MIKE RYAN  
CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF  
THE SPEEDING TRUCK.

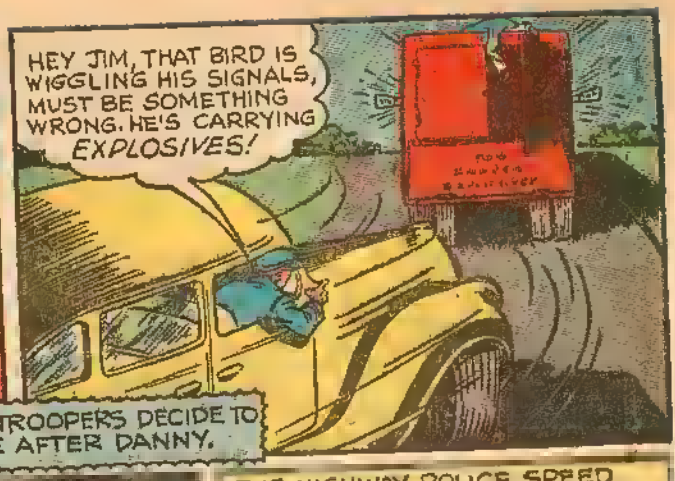
WHERE A YOU  
TINKA YOU ARE,  
HAA, IN GREECE?





I'LL KEEP SWITCHING THE TURNING SIGNALS, MAYBE THE TROOPERS WILL SEE IT.

THAT GUY MUST BE NUTS.

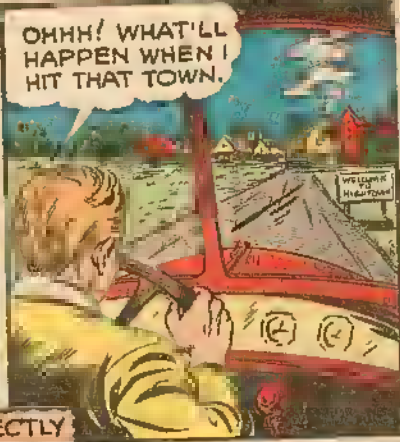


HEY JIM, THAT BIRD IS WIGGLING HIS SIGNALS, MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG. HE'S CARRYING EXPLOSIVES!

THE TROOPERS DECIDE TO TAKE AFTER DANNY.



MAYBE HE'S GOT NO BRAKES. HIGHTOWN IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE NEXT HILL... COME ON, JIM, LET'S GO.



OMHH! WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN I HIT THAT TOWN.

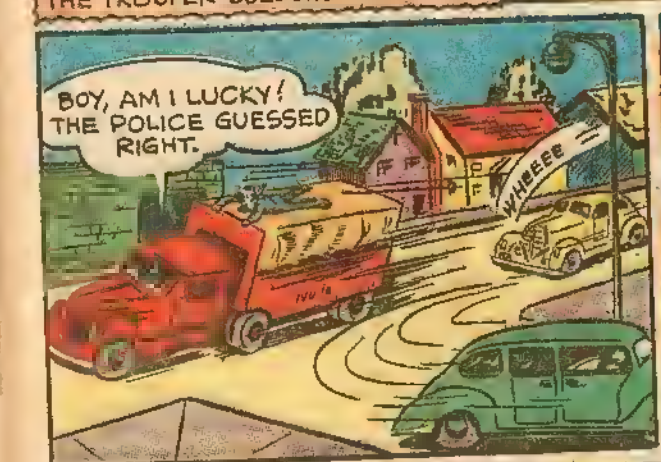


THE HIGHWAY POLICE SPEED AHEAD AND CLEAR THE STREET.

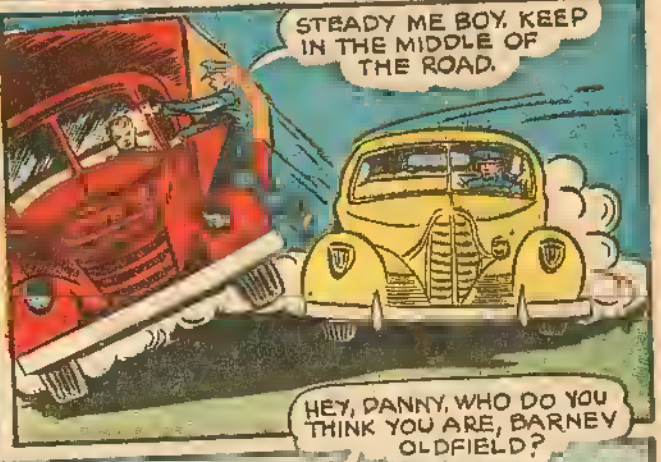
CLEAR THE ROAD! RUNAWAY TRUCK COMING!

WHEEEEEEE

THE TROOPER GUESSES CORRECTLY



BOY, AM I LUCKY! THE POLICE GUESSED RIGHT.



STEADY ME BOY, KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

HEY, DANNY, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BARNEY OLDFIELD?



I'LL TURN OFF THE IGNITION, ME LAD. AFTER WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH IT'S A WONDER YOU CAN THINK AT ALL.

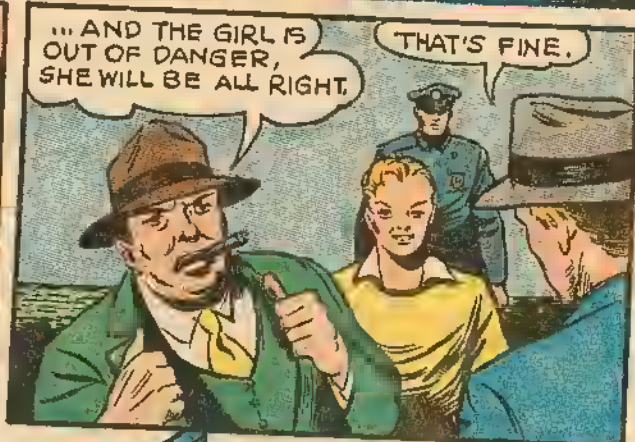
WHY COULDN'T I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT.



OH, HELLO MIKE! WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE.

WAIT A MINUTE, SANTA CLAUS, WE'LL GET YOU A LADDER.





OUR SPECIALTY  
CORN BEEF  
AND  
CABBAGE



DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S  
**SHADOW COMICS**  
WHEN DANNY, THE LOVABLE, BRILLIANT, RESOURCEFUL BOY DETECTIVE, WILL THRILL YOU WITH HIS HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES, AS HE WAGES A SUCCESSFUL WAR AGAINST CRIME.



THE IRON GHOST FIGHTS

# DEATH FROM VULCAN



SCENE: THE WORLD'S LARGEST OBSERVATORY-  
DR. AXEL, GREAT ASTRONOMER, MAKES A  
STARTLING DISCOVERY!

INCREDIBLE! JOHN! CARL!  
LOOK! A NEW PLANET HAS  
ENTERED OUR SOLAR  
SYSTEM!



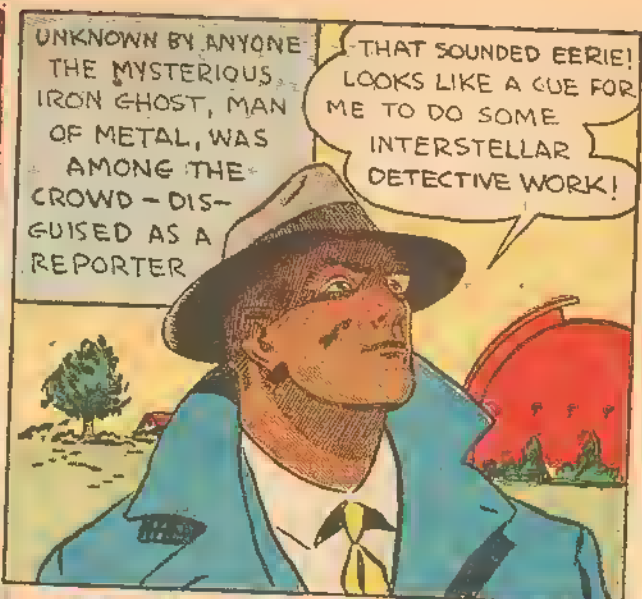
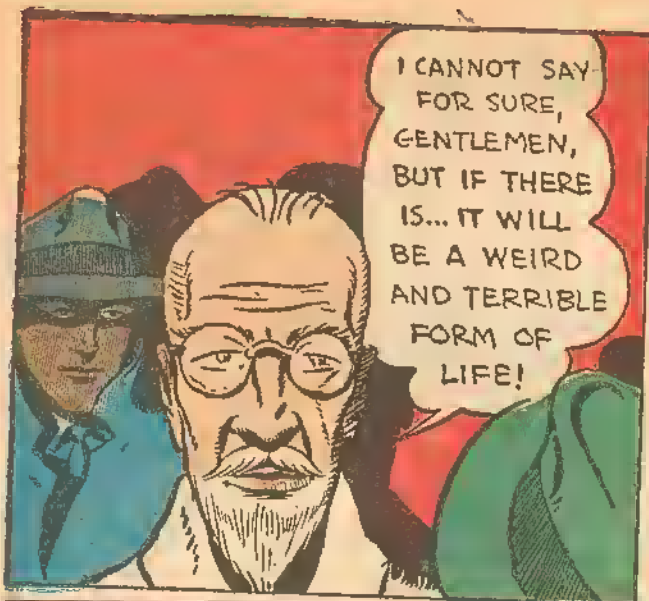
THE NEXT DAY THE NEWSPAPERS GET  
WIND OF THE CENTURY'S BIGGEST STORY-

MY THEORY IS THAT THIS  
NEW PLANET, VULCAN,  
ESCAPED FROM AN-  
OTHER SOLAR SYSTEM!

ANY LIFE ON  
IT, DOC?







STRIPPING OFF HIS CONFINING CLOTHES THE IRON GHOST ZOOMS INTO SPACE!



AFTER TWO WEEKS OF HURTLING THRU SPACE THE IRON GHOST CHECKS HIS COURSE...



IN THE MEANTIME THE PLANET VULCAN IS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY!



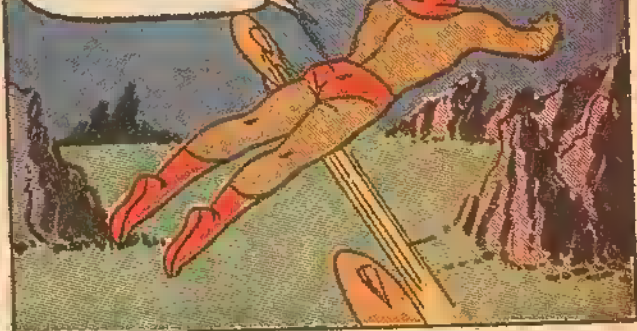


HASTE, FOOLS! WE MUST LEAVE  
INSIDE OF ONE HOUR TO LAND  
ON THE EARTH PLANET!

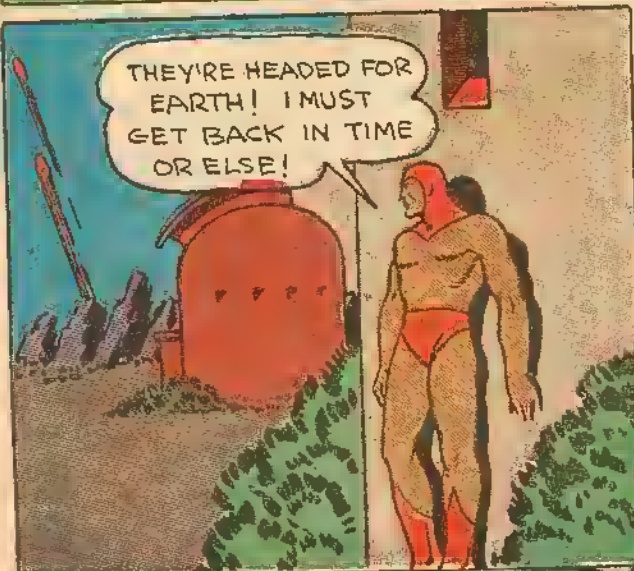


THE IRON GHOST ARRIVES!

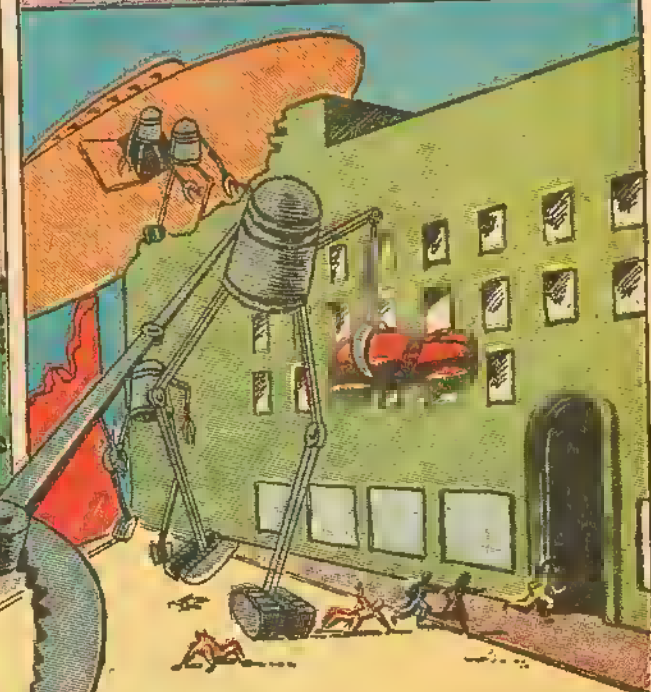
SPACE SHIPS!  
WONDER WHERE  
THEY'RE BOUND?



THEY'RE HEADED FOR  
EARTH! I MUST  
GET BACK IN TIME  
OR ELSE!



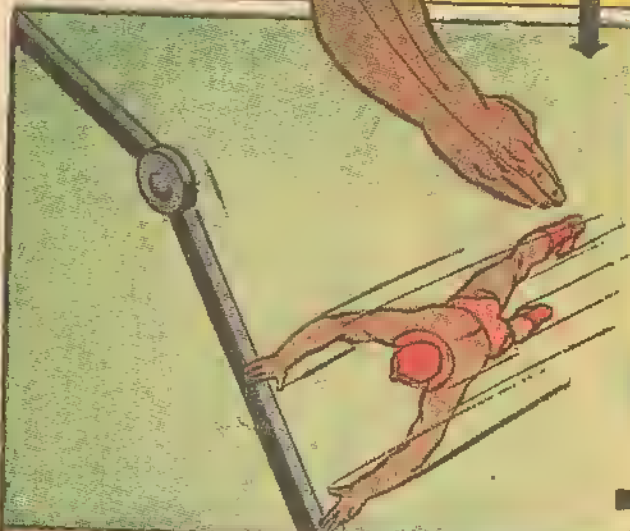
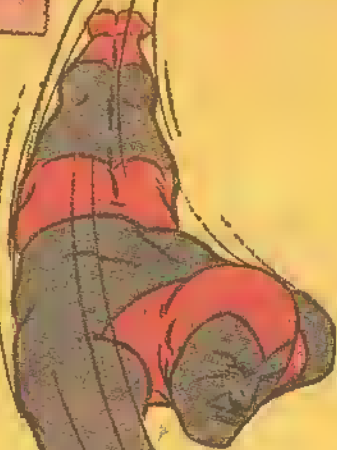
BUT THE FIRST OF THE VULCAN SPACE SHIPS  
REACH THE EARTH BEFORE THE IRON GHOST!



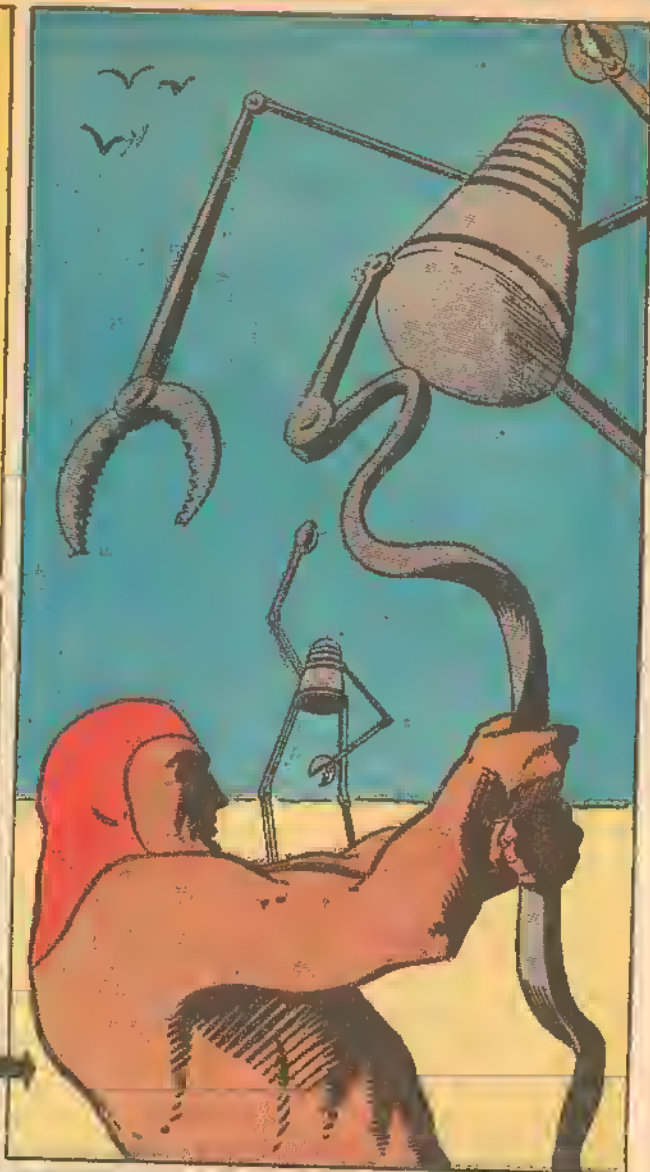


THE IRON GHOST  
ARRIVES!

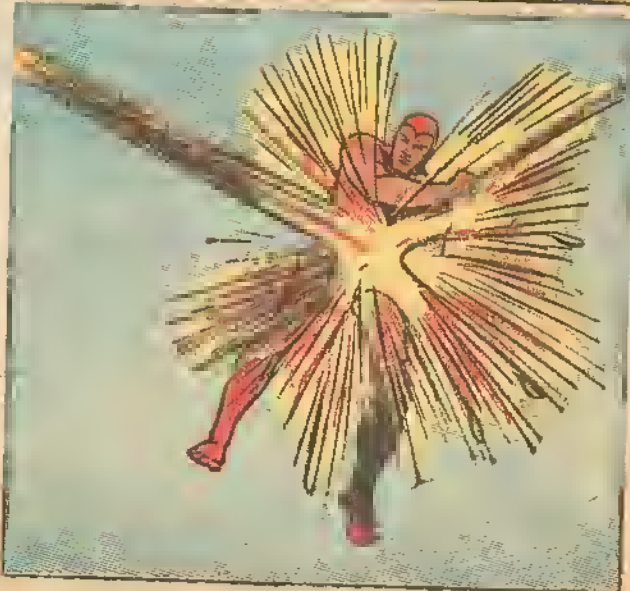
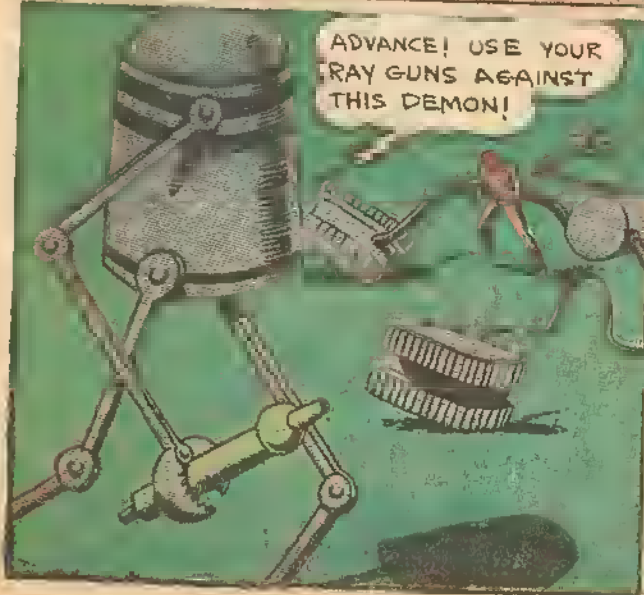
THE  
DEVILS!



HE GRABS ONE OF THE MONSTERS BY THE LEG



ADVANCE! USE YOUR  
RAY GUNS AGAINST  
THIS DEMON!





STUNNED BY THE POWERFUL RAY GUNS  
THE IRON GHOST RISES AGAIN!

ROUGH LITTLE  
PLAYMATES!

I CAN USE THIS  
CAP PISTOL!

THE IRON GHOST BLASTS AT THE SPACE-  
SHIPS AT CLOSE RANGE!

RETREAT! BEFORE THIS EARTH  
DEMON DESTROYS US!  
BACK TO THE SHIPS!

THE IRON GHOST RIPS OPEN THE  
VULCANIAN MONSTER'S BODY...

NOT SO  
FAST!

SO YOU'RE  
WHAT MAKES  
IT TICK!

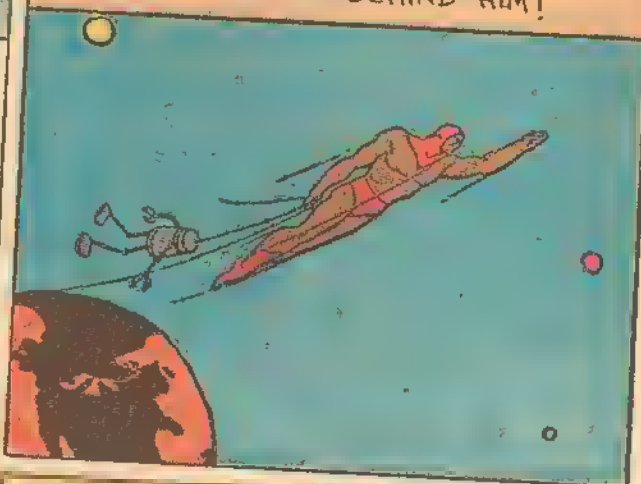
IN TWO WEEKS THE IRON GHOST WITH HIS SUPERHUMAN BRAIN HAS LEARNED THE VULCANIAN LANGUAGE AND HAS GRILLED THE STRANGE CAPTURED GNOME!

HA, HA! AS MY NAME IS IGOG YOUR WHOLE PLANET WILL BE SMASHED! OUR ANTI-GRAVITY MACHINES HAVE UPSET THE COURSE OF YOUR MOON! IN TWO WEEKS IT WILL CRASH INTO YOUR EARTH!

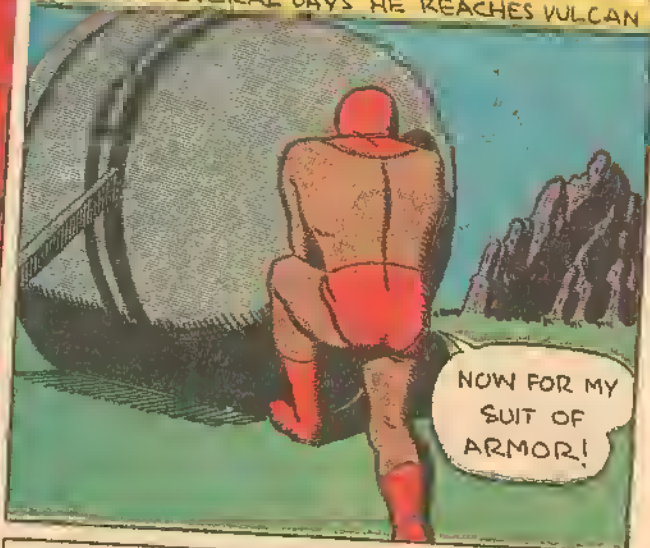
IT IS TRUE! I HAVE OBSERVED THE MOON- IT IS GETTING CLOSER TO THE EARTH. EVERY HOUR!

TOMORROW I'M OFF TO VULCAN WITH IGOG'S METAL MONSTER AS MY DISGUISE!

THE NEXT MORNINE THE IRON GHOST HURTLES TOWARD VULCAN DRAGGING A STRANGE CARGO BEHIND HIM!



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS HE REACHES VULCAN



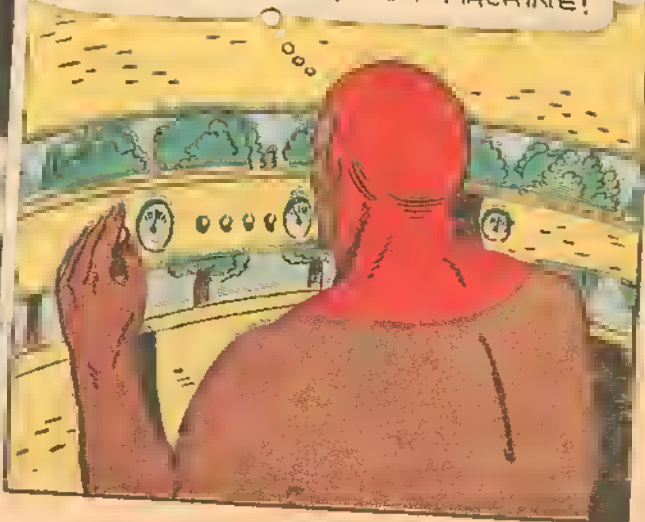
NOW FOR MY SUIT OF ARMOR!

AS THE IRON GHOST APPROACHES A TOWERING PALACE HE IS STOPPED BY SENTRIES...

HALT! NONE CAN ENTER THE EMPEROR'S CITADEL OF THE ANTI-GRAVITY MACHINE!

STAND ASIDE! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE WEDTENANT IGOG!

THEY FELL FOR THAT LINE! NOW TO GET INSIDE AND DESTROY THAT MACHINE!





INSIDE THE CITADEL THE EMPEROR OF VULCAN AND HIS HENCHMAN WATCH THE IRON GHOST APPROACH..

LOOK, SIRE, IN THE EX-RAY CAMERA - AN EARTHLING - IN 1606'S MECHANO-BODY!

HA, HA! IT IS THEIR HERO; THE IRON GHOST! WE WILL GIVE HIM THE PROPER RECEPTION - A WARM ONE!

THE IRON GHOST ENTERS THE THRONE ROOM

GREETINGS, SIRE! I BRING STRANGE TIDINGS FROM EARTH!

GREETINGS! AND I BRING YOU STRANGE TIDINGS FROM VULCAN, IRON GHOST!

SUDDENLY THE EMPEROR PULLS A LEVER!

THE PALACE FLOOR GAPES WIDE

HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA!

TRAPPED INSIDE THE METAL BODY THE IRON GHOST PLUNGES DOWN AND DOWN!

HEAT! IT MUST BE 250° - I MUST BE FALLING TO THE PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE!

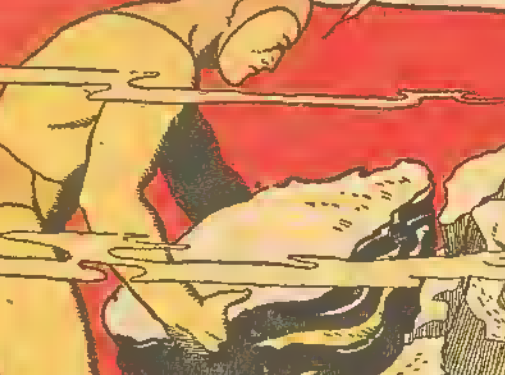
AFTER AWHILE THE BATTERED METAL MONSTER COMES TO A STOP AT THE BURNING CENTER OF VULCAN! THE METAL CASE STARTS TO MELT LIKE ICE IN A FURNACE!

WHEW! QUITE A SUMMER THEY HAVE DOWN HERE! LUCKY FOR ME SUPER-DURALAMINE IS IMPERVIOUS TO HEAT!

THE IRON GHOST STARTS EXPLORING...

HELLO! WHAT'S THIS... A FIERCE UPDRAFT OF FLAME, LAVA AND GAS! IT MUST BE THE BOTTOM OF A HUGE VOLCANO!

DOOR IN THE  
THROUGH THAT TRAP-  
EMPEROR'S PALACE!



THAT'S THAT...  
BUT I WON'T  
WAIT FOR THE  
FREE RIDE  
WHEN IT  
EXPLODES!

AGAIN, GREETINGS, SIRE!

I HALF EXPECTED YOU BACK, EARTHMAN AND HAVE PREPARED! THE METAL GUARDS! THE METAL DISINTEGRATORS!

DON'T BOTHER, SIRE! WHEN YOU DUMPED ME INTO THE STOMACH OF THIS PLANET I WAS TOO BITTER A PILL FOR IT TO SWALLOW — NOW HERE COMES YOUR MEDICINE!

WH...WH...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BACK ON EARTH-

SO YOU SEE, DR. AXEL, AS SOON AS THE VOLCANO DESTROYED THE PALACE AND THE ANTI-GRAVITY MACHINE WITH IT THE MOON STOPPED GETTING ANY CLOSER TO THE EARTH!

WELL, WE CAN THANK THE VULCANIANS FOR A BIGGER MOON - AND YOU FOR OUR LIVES - BUT VULCAN MUST BE WATCHED CONSTANTLY!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE!!!

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THE SHADOW OFFICIAL HAT AND CAPE.

PR

# Be the SHADOW

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Write letters in invisible ink or in code on your own Shadow Stationery. Strap on the official Shadow Holster Set . . . use the keen Shadow Tectolite (which you can hide in the palm of your hand). And play the Shadow Game—the finest ever designed for boys and girls!



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THE SHADOW HOLSTER SET. PRICE \$1.



PRICE 50c



THE SHADOW GAME. PRICE \$1.

Try YOUR LOCAL STORE BEFORE WRITING TO US FOR ANY OF THESE ITEMS.

SAY! DO  
ANIMAL  
HOW!

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Your Club News is published twice a month in THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, which sells for 10 cents a copy. Every person who reads THE SHADOW COMICS also wants to read THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, for in it one gets the best full-length stories about this marvelous enemy of crime.

## ★ COUPON ★

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79 Seventh Avenue  
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If you wish to wear the emblem of The Shadow Club—twice actual size shown in nickel-silver—inclose ten cents to help pay part of cost of manufacture and mailing.

The Shadow rubber stamp, an exact duplicate of the emblem, with the word "Member" added, is also available. The price is 10 cents.



# the top 6

## Street to Street

### Counters

**Counters** allow you to keep track of the number of times a particular event occurs. They are useful for counting the number of times a button is clicked, the number of times a page is visited, or the number of times a user enters a particular piece of information.

**Counters** are also useful for keeping track of the number of times a particular piece of information is entered. For example, you could use a counter to keep track of the number of times a user enters a particular password.

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